THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1899.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

As though in anticipation of the meeting of Parliament, an unusual number of politicians of the first rank have been speaking during the past week. Mr. Asquith brought the active labours of the recess to a close so far as he was concerned by a speech at Darwen yesterday week. It was a temperate and well-reasoned vindication of the position of the Liberal party against the charges which have lately been brought against it, not merely by its foes, but by some of its friends. Liberal policy, Mr. Asquith showed, recognises the necessity of imperial expansion when guided by good sense, but it desires friendship with France and the establishment of a good understanding with Russia. In reference to domestic politics Mr. Asquith spoke of the reforms which the Liberal party would seek to carry when it was next in power.

VERY different in temper was the speech delivered by Mr. Chamberlain on Saturday night at the dinner of the Birmingham Jewellers' Association. Those who profess to be unable to distinguish between the position of Mr. Chamberlain and that of the Liberal leaders on questions of foreign policy ought to compare his speech of Saturday with that of Mr. Asquith on the previous day. Mr. Asquith made no reference to foreign countries that could offend anyone. Mr. Chamberlain was even more jubilant than usual in giving expression to his supreme self-satisfaction, and to his delight at the present position of this country. Never before in our history, he declared, had the signs of prosperity been so evident, and never before had our influence and power been more completely established abroad. He thought that Providence intended us to be a great governing Power, conquering vast areas of the world's surface, though only to civilise, administer, and develop them. Mr. Jefferson Brick can scarcely be said to have outdistanced Mr. Chamberlain in spread-eagle oratory. It is difficult to realise the fact that only a few months ago the same orator was crying aloud for alliances to save England from the plots of its enemies. A course of English history, even if it went back no further than 1848, might enlighten the Colonial Secretary upon a good many points on which he now seems to be suffering lamentable ignorance.

MR. BALFOUR met his Manchester constituents on Monday and Tuesday, and delivered two notable and, in a sense, remarkable speeches. In the first he discussed the condition of the Opposition. They had not only, he declared, to find a leader, but to discover a policy. The Liberal party was that party in the State to which the duty of carrying great constitutional reforms was naturally entrusted, but at present no electoral changes of any consequence were really demanded, and he did not believe that Liberals meditated an attack on the House of Lords, seeing that any reform of that House would only strengthen it. After expending a good deal of time in a singularly reckless misrepresentation of Sir Henry Fowler's speech at Wolverhampton on Home Rule, Mr. Balfour declared his belief that the Opposition would ultimately be driven back for a policy on Home Rule and Disestablishment. These were the only questions on which Liberal opinion had been in any degree organised.

MR. BALFOUR'S second speech was made on Tuesday in reply to a deputation from the local branch of the National Protestant League, who sought to elicit his opinions on the questions of lawlessness in the Church, and the establishment of an Irish Catholic University. Mr. Balfour told the deputation, which had expressed an opinion adverse to the proposed University, that his views upon that subject had been known to the public for nearly eleven years. Those views, however, did not in any way commit his party. He was indifferent as to whether he remained in public life or not, but he could not be indifferent if he were prevented from expressing the views which he conscientiously held. With regard to the Church of England, he admitted that practices took place in some churches which were illegal, and that this state of things was a danger to the Church and to religion, and ought to be ended. He did not, however, think that the demand for Parliamentary intervention was well advised, as it was too soon to despair of the constitutional action of the Bishops. They wished to secure obedience to the law, and it was only in the event of their failure to do so that the interference would become necessary.

SIR HENRY FOWLER'S speech at the National Liberal Club on Thursday evening was a triumphant vindication of the position of the Liberal party and its leaders to-day towards Imperialism and towards Ireland alike. Admitting that the party had been severely tried by the retirement of Sir

William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley—to whose great services he gave an emphatic recognition—he pointed out that both resignations were due to misapprehension. Sir William Harcourt's might have been averted by a little explanation with his party: Mr. Morley was wholly mistaken in charging the Liberal leaders with Chauvinism. No Liberal leader had given France the slightest provocation; but the firm stand they had made—particularly Lord Rosebery—against any concession in the matter of Fashoda had prevented the two nations from drifting into war. We cordially desired friendship with France; it had always been part of Liberal policy to secure a good understanding with Russia.

As to Irish questions, Sir Henry Fowler pointed out that the sacrifice spoken of by Mr. Morley was rather on the Liberal side. For Ireland's sake the Liberal party had been rent asunder. Yet the Irish, despite the benefits they had received by the Liberal legislation of 1892–95, had slackened their support of the Liberal Ministry—notably on the question of Welsh Disestablishment—and had broken with the party on the English Education question. Home Rule was only postponed till Irish Local Government had been seen at work—a postponement due to the necessity of convincing the English people. It would be settled some day by a non-party measure. Disestablishment, which Mr. Balfour thought the only other question for the Liberal party to take up, would be settled for them by the Ritualists and the Bishops. But the Liberals had plenty to do besides in the way of social reform. They would be united in the choice of their leader, and needed only a continuance of discipline and union.

THE controversy on the state of the Church of England has been maintained with vigour in the columns of the newspapers during the past week. The most important incident of the week has, however, been the great demonstration held in the Albert Hall on Tuesday evening, "to uphold and maintain the Protestantism of the nation and to demand the suppression of the Mass and the confessional in the Established Church." Lord Kinnaird presided over the meeting, at which, it is stated, ten thousand persons were present. The proceedings were very enthusiastic. The secretary stated that he had been obliged to refuse five thousand applications for tickets. The demonstration had the support of over fifty Protestant societies; the chairman had received personal support, or expressions of regret at not being able to be present, from one hundred and ten peers and members of Parliament; and since four o'clock that afternoon six hundred and eighty-five telegrams of sympathy had been received. One of these telegrams was from Nottingham, and bore the signatures, all telegraphed, of three thousand three hundred and thirty-three persons. A resolution was passed expressing alarm and sorrow at the reintroduction into the Church of doctrines, rites, and ceremonies which were distinctly rejected by the English nation at the time of the Reformation as being Romish inventions contrary to God's Word, and denouncing the sacrifices of the Mass and the evils of the confessional. An address to the Queen, praying her to give the Prime Minister directions to take the necessary steps in the coming session of Parliament to suppress Romish practices, and to compel the Bishops to enforce obedience on the part of the clergy, was adopted amid a scene of great enthusiasm.

THE admirers of Lord Beaconsfield, among whom, if we may judge by his speech at Manchester on Monday, Mr. Balfour is now to be counted, must be greatly moved by the publication of certain letters which appear in the concluding volumes of Mr. Parker's Life of Sir Robert Peel. The writers of the letters are Mr. Disraeli himself and his wife. They both bear the same date, September 5th, 1841. In Mr. Disraeli's letter, after recounting his political services and his personal devotion to Sir Robert Peel—to whom both letters are addressed—he appeals to Sir Robert's heart, to his justice and his magnanimity, to save him from an intolerable humiliation—the humiliation of being passed over on the formation of the new Government. Mrs. Disraeli's letter is an equally frank, and even more urgent, appeal of the same purport. She begs Peel not to destroy all Disraeli's hopes, and make him feel that his life has been a mistake. In support of her petition, she refers to the money that has been spent through her influence at Maidstone, and begs Peel not to answer her letter, as she does not wish any human being to know that she had penned "this humble petition."

MOST Prime Ministers have doubtless received letters of this description from men anxious to obtain office, and from their wives and friends. If the correspondence stood by itself there would, consequently, be nothing in it that need disturb the equanimity of Disraeli's admirers. But, unfortunately, the correspondence does not stand alone. As everybody knows, Disraeli, after the failure of his secret petition to Sir Robert Peel, began a series of attacks upon that great man, the malignity of which has seldom—we fear we cannot say never—been surpassed in modern English politics. It was in reply to one of the most virulent of these attacks, full of personal insults of the coarsest kind, that Sir Robert Peel, in 1845, mildly expressed his surprise that a man who held such opinions of him should once have been ready to serve with him in office. Thereupon Disraeli made the astounding statement that nothing of the kind had ever occurred. "I can say that I never asked a favour of the Government. With respect to my being a solicitor for office, it is entirely unfounded." The world now knows the truth, and is in a position to pass judgment upon the man who uttered this flagrant falsehood. It can, at the same time, estimate the character of the object of his bitter vituperation, who, holding the proofs of Disraeli's mendacity in his hands, was magnanimous enough not to produce them. Fortunately, the truth has come out at last, as it usually does, and the Primrose League have had a light thrown upon the character of their hero which may, perhaps, lead them to ask themselves whether he was, after all, a worthy object of their worship.

THE Roman Catholic University question, put on a new basis by Mr. Balfour's letter of last week, divides both parties alike. His proposal is denounced by Colonel Saunderson and by the Protestant constituents of Mr. Balfour; it is accepted by at least two influential organs of Liberal opinion in London; the Wesleyan Conference authorises the use of all its own machinery to check its realisation; and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes thunders against it as tending to perpetuate the pernicious separateness of the Roman Catholic laity from the rest of the Queen's subjects, and as a breach of duty to the cause of scientific truth. In Ireland an influential conference of Roman Catholic clergy and laity, which was held in Dublin last week, has expressed its approval of the scheme, and its acceptance of the limitations which Mr. Balfour considers indispensable. But two things may strike the observer: One, that the question of taking the money of English taxpayers for purposes of which they intensely disapprove is hardly considered at all by the advocates of the scheme. Yet it was to avoid doing this that Church-rates were abolished. The other is the almost total neglect of the purely educational aspects of the proposal—a neglect significant of the incuriousness of the English people in all questions relating to education. It

seems to be assumed that you have only to set up a University and sound education will follow as a matter of course.

THE speech of the new French Ambassador at the annual dinner of the French Chamber of Commerce of London on Tuesday evening was of good omen for the settlement, in a satisfactory and pacific manner, of the pending differences of England and France. He laid down the admirable doctrine, familiar to students of Mr. Herbert Spencer's system, "that the liberty of each must be limited by the like liberty of all": and, extending it from individuals to nations, argued that their limits should be fixed by mutual understanding based on the knowledge of interests and of respect for the dignity of others. That is an excellent principle, though it applies rather to a system of Protectionism tempered by Treaties of Commerce than to the Free Trade system which we in England prefer, and under which the commercial interests of rival nations would tend to adjust themselves without official aid. Still, we trust M. Cambon's speech portends some recognition of British grievances in Madagascar and the removal of those harassing restrictions which so grievously hamper the growth and development of Newfoundland. And we sincerely hope that the interests of Anglo-French trade will be pressed upon the irresponsible Chauvinists whose utterances have produced such intense irritation in France.

ABROAD.

THE news from Melbourne, published on Friday morning, gives good reason to hope that the Federation of the Australian colonies is secured at last. The conference of Australian Premiers has settled all the questions in dispute. The Premier of New South Wales, hitherto an opponent, will now strongly support the amended scheme, and the provision that a bare majority (instead of a two-thirds majority) of the electorate of each colony shall suffice for its ratification removes the danger that the reluctance of a minority of his own constituents will avail to defer its achievement again. A good deal of further information is required as to the settlement; but it is clear that the Upper House will not, as in America and England, be able to exercise a permanent veto on legislation, nor will its veto be overridden by the very questionable method of a direct appeal to the people. The appeal will be to the two Houses voting together. The surplus revenue of the Federation will be divisible proportionately among the constituent states for ten years, after which the arrangement is subject to revision. Meanwhile the Parliament will have power to consider the special needs of any State. The divergent interests of Northern and Southern Queensland are met by the provision that the Senators in that colony are to be elected by districts, and not, as they say in America, "at large." The capital is to be Federal territory in New South Wales—a position likely to remain more central than the American capital has come to be. And so another step is taken towards the more effective union of the empire.

THE prospects of the Spanish-American Treaty of Peace in the Senate appear to be greatly improved, though we do not know how far the confident reports that it will certainly be ratified next Monday are coloured by the hopes of the supporters of the Administration, or (what is much more probable) by fears as to the effect that its failure would exercise in hastening and intensifying the reaction after last week's financial boom. Still, the supporters of the Treaty now appear to think that they can dispense with any qualifying resolution, though one has been proposed by Senator Sullivan (Democrat, Mississippi) to the effect that the Filipinos shall have independence or autonomy at some future date (the Greek Kalends?), and the Filipinos themselves, and the Cubans likewise, continue to assume an attitude that is much more likely to lead America to give them a severe lesson than to effect their liberation. General Gomez has made exorbitant demands as to the pay of the Cuban army, and so, though the Administration has succeeded in effecting a settlement, he must have intensified the feeling against the Cubans which they themselves awakened in their liberators. And the Filipino leaders bluster and proclaim the Republic, and circulate scandalous charges against the American troops. Shocking stories of Filipino atrocities come in from the outlying islands, and, though it is fair to say that they are not substantiated as yet, it is certain that they will have their effect in America.

GENERAL WOODFORD, who was American Ambassador to Spain when the late war broke out, made some interesting contributions to history in a speech delivered in New York a week ago. Part of his revelations, as to the extreme unpreparedness for war of the United States Government when the *Maine* went down, and the means taken to make good the deficiency and supply ammunition to the Pacific fleet, have been met with an official contradiction from Washington. But the rest tends to confirm the story circulated by the *National Review* and other organs of opinion on both sides of the Atlantic of an attempted union of the Continental Powers against the United States, which was only checked by England's refusal to join. General Woodford states that his efforts at Madrid were constantly thwarted by the Ambassadors of the Continental Powers; and that, had it not been for the constant and loyal help of the British Ambassador, he would have been unsuccessful in effecting as much as he did effect in carrying out the instructions of his Government. If this was the attitude of the Ambassadors, is it improbable that the Continental Governments were ready to go still further in averting the peril to Europe of a derelict Spain?

THE Dreyfus affair, which had seemed likely to reach a peaceful and righteous solution, has suddenly passed into another and a most dangerous phase. The Bill introduced by M. Dupuy on Monday is couched, of course, in general terms; but its effect and intention is to transfer the conduct of the investigation into the original Dreyfus court-martial from the Criminal Division of that Court to the whole body, and so to discredit the inquiry and the judges concerned. Moreover, there is a rumour, as yet unconfirmed, that it will also necessitate Dreyfus's retrial (if it takes place at all) being conducted by a second court-martial, which is not likely to be fairer than the first. The case had been taken up into the judicial atmosphere; it is now dragged back into the political arena. No doubt M. Dupuy's aim is, as before, to gain time, in the hope that something will happen, and to hold the rival parties back by gratifying them in turn. But that something (as M. Jaurès has pointed out) may be a crisis in foreign affairs, or an anti-Republican revolution, either of which would mean the triumph of the General Staff. We should like to believe, what has been asserted in the *St. James's Gazette*, that M. Dupuy's compliance has disconcerted the "patriots" and averted the *coup d'état* which they were preparing. In fact, however, he has disgusted not merely the Dreyfusites, but the moderate and independent opinion of France as expressed in papers like the *Temps*, and the patriots abuse him no less than before. The Bill is a concession to M.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

Quesnay de Beaurepaire and his *histoires de grogs*, and what makes it more serious is that it is based on a report which is not published. The *Temps* finds consolation in the reflection that now, at any rate, everything will have to be revealed. But the "patriots" and the General Staff will not allow that; and, if necessary, they will attempt to prevent it by a *coup d'état*.

LAST Saturday, after four days' debate, the Italian Chamber accepted the Franco-Italian Commercial Convention by 226 votes to 34—the minority consisting, apparently, of a small remnant who still share Signor Crispi's inveterate hostility to France. Almost exactly half the House took no part in the division, but so many of its members are habitually absent that their abstention need not imply disapproval. The Convention, so far as it is possible to judge from the debates, does not remove all causes of friction—it would seem, for example, that there is still some possibility of further dispute over the admission of Italian wines into France—but it is undoubtedly a great economic benefit to both parties, and it should enable Italy to obtain from France the capital which is one of her greatest needs. Great stress was laid on the effect of the Convention in ameliorating the political relations between the two countries; but it was made clear that when the treaties of commerce with Germany and Austria-Hungary expire, it is intended not to terminate but to amend them. Italy at present follows the sensible policy of being on friendly relations with all her neighbours alike.

THE Austrian Reichsrath is prorogued, and Parliamentary government in that country is for the present at an end. Hungary is more fortunate. The prophecies of a speedy ending of her political crisis seem likely to be fulfilled at last. The leaders of the Opposition are reported to have informed the Premier, through the Dissentient Liberals who are acting as mediators, that they are ready to cease from Parliamentary obstruction and allow the financial arrangement with Austria to pass, provided it takes the form of an independent Act of the Hungarian Legislature (as Baron Banffy proposed last summer at Ischl), and not that of a contract with a partner. They will also refrain from obstructing the Budget, or the reform of Parliamentary procedure which their conduct has made imperative. In return, they demand a formal promise on the part of the Government to abstain from interfering, in the future, with the freedom of Parliamentary elections. If that is all they are easily satisfied, and—desirable as their aim may be—it seems a pity that the present crisis was seized upon as giving an opportunity to pay off their old scores against the Government. But it is clear that they also mean to get rid of Baron Banffy; and M. Lukacs, the Minister of Finance, is named—though not with certainty—as his successor.

THE fall of the Stoiloff Ministry in Bulgaria is attributed in Vienna, according to *The Times* correspondent, primarily to a purely local cause of a somewhat singular kind. The Government was arranging to lease the Roumelian railway from the company which owns it, and to work it as a State line. The owners of property in the district served by the railway were afraid that the State would decline to open up the district by certain new lines which would be in partial competition with the leased line, and so tend to diminish its receipts. They were sufficiently influential in the Sobranjé to throw out the Ministry, and meanwhile another complication had arisen. The Porte made difficulties about the contract, presumably both as suzerain and with the company—having, we believe, a well-founded fear that the railway in the hands of a hostile Bulgarian Ministry might be freely used to convey arms and ammunition to the frontier for the use of Macedonian insurgents. The Prince wished to wait till the Porte's scruples were removed. M. Stoiloff did not, and so he retired; and after an unavailing attempt to retain his services a Cabinet has been formed which is described as collectively conciliatory, safe, and rather colourless, though its associations are stated by another authority to be Austrophile. But its chief is M. Grekoff, M. Stambuloff's successor, and the only other well-known member is M. Radoslavoff, who has recently declared, by way of disclaimer of views attributed to him, that he would not approve of the annexation of Macedonia to Bulgaria except after a Macedonian *plébiscite*. It would be more encouraging for the prospects of peace in the Balkans if he had not had to discuss the subject at all.

THE reports from Samoa and the German official disclaimers of any desire for aggrandisement there or in the Philippines, show that, as we said a short time ago, the German Foreign Office is a model of correctness. But it is clear also that German subordinate agents abroad are apt to have the faults of German bureaucrats at home. They magnify their office, they are difficult to deal with in the off-hand and informal methods commonly adopted by Englishmen and Americans, and—perhaps because their unofficial compatriots are so adaptable and cosmopolitan—they think it necessary to be aggressively patriotic. In Samoa, according to the latest report, the chief of the municipal police at Apia has abetted a German in a contempt of court, and the Consul has lent his aid in protecting the latter from interference. If this report is confirmed, it is to be hoped that the German Government will take the measures that its correct attitude requires. It certainly seems as if the German Consul had grossly violated the Berlin Act.

LITERATURE, etc.

"THE IDEAL UNIVERSITY," the address with which Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., celebrated the second Foundation Day of University College, London, has just been republished by the Union Society of the College. With gentle satire and characteristic humour, Mr. Birrell has contrived to touch on many of the salient features of University life in the past—illustrating them, of course, by an adroit use of history and literature—and on most of the burning questions of University reform in London to-day. Most of the older graduates of Oxford and Cambridge can probably remember Professors who, like Salmasius at Leyden, adorned the University by their conversation, but were not expected to do anything else; and even now professorial lectures, even apart from those attended under compulsion by candidates for Orders, seldom remind one of Abelard. The lecture is full of good things, and closes with an appeal, which is not less earnest because of its setting, in favour of the Teaching University for London.

The Puritan (London: James Bowden) is the name of a new sixpenny magazine which is apparently designed to show that the modern Puritan can appreciate the pleasures of life better than his prototype. The editor has secured a distinguished body of contributors, including Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Ian Maclaren, the Rev. F. B. Meyer (who contributes a first instalment of notes on his voyage to India), Miss Ellen Thorneycroft-Fowler, and Mr. Coulson Kernahan. There are some attractive illustrations and contributions. A paper on "Free Church Links with Literature" shows the debt of that as of other branches of intellectual activity to Nonconformity by a striking enumeration of authors whose forbears were outside the Establishment. We wish the enterprise all success.

THE address on Heroes delivered by the Bishop of London as President of the Social and Political Education League has been reprinted, and copies, price 3d., may be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Mr. C. E. Hecht, 3, Essex Court, Temple, E.C. The Right Hon. Sir M. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., has accepted the Presidency of the League in succession to the Bishop of London.

OBITUARY.

PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE of Bulgaria, daughter of the Duke of Parma, and wife of Prince Ferdinand, had been brought prominently into public notice by her unsuccessful resistance to the transference of her infant son Boris from the Roman to the Greek Church. Reasons of State, however, called for the step, and extorted her acquiescence in her husband's breach of his nuptial compact, and she seems to have been generally popular among her adopted people.—Sir Clare Ford, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., had been for forty-six years in the Diplomatic Service, and had represented his country as Minister or Ambassador at Buenos Ayres, Rio Janeiro, Athens, Constantinople, Madrid, and Rome. He was a special authority on economic subjects, and had twice served on Newfoundland Fisheries Commissions.—The Rev. C. A. Berry, D.D., of Wolverhampton, who died suddenly while conducting a funeral service on Monday, was one of the foremost of Nonconformist ministers and most active of Midland Liberals. He had been President of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches and of the Congregational Union, and he had declined an offer of the pastorate of the late Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn.—Mr. Harry Bates, A.R.A., was in the front rank of contemporary British sculptors.—M. Alfred Sisley was an eminent landscape painter, a member of the "Impressionist" band of whom Claude Monet is the best known in England.—Professor Fruin, of Leyden, was an eminent Dutch historian of the most scientific type—a scholar, "researcher," and archivist rather than a figure in literature.—M. Xavier Olin, Professor at the University of Brussels, was an eminent Belgian jurist and ex-Minister of Public Works, whose political career had been prematurely cut short by the fall of the Frère-Orban Ministry in 1884.

THE LEADERSHIP.

THE Liberal party in the House of Commons will meet on Monday in order to fill the office of leader made vacant by the resignation of Sir William Harcourt. If we may believe the statements generally current in well-informed quarters, there is no reason to doubt that the choice of the party will fall unanimously upon a statesman who, from the moment of Sir William Harcourt's retirement, has been generally regarded as being eminently qualified to hold the high office of leader of the Opposition. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has rendered long and faithful service to his party in the House of Commons. He has been widely recognised as one of the ablest of that band of strong administrators who secured for the Government of 1892 the high reputation for administrative efficiency which it enjoyed among competent judges of all parties. He has satisfied all who have acted with him in the House of Commons that he is a man of tact and resource who can be trusted to lead the Opposition even in the troublous times in which its lot is now cast. Above all, no breath of suspicion has ever rested upon the soundness of his Liberalism. All sections of the party, we imagine, will feel confidence in his loyalty to Liberal principles and to the Liberal creed. In these circumstances, we do not suppose that we are over-sanguine in anticipating that his election to the leadership on Monday will not only be unanimous but enthusiastic. We do not think it either necessary or desirable to dwell upon certain incidents that have attended the interregnum in the leadership. We may admit at once that it was natural, if not inevitable, that those members of the Liberal party who have been more specially associated with Sir William Harcourt should have been anxious, if possible, to secure his restoration to the position from which he voluntarily retired. But Sir William Harcourt made it abundantly clear by his letter to Mr. Morley that he himself did not regard such a return, under existing circumstances, as either possible or desirable; and he has said nothing since which can alter that impression. It will be only right that the members of the Opposition, when they meet on Monday, should tender their warm thanks to Sir William for the services which he has rendered to his party in a post the difficulties of which he has himself described. We trust that this expression of thanks will be absolutely unanimous, and that nothing will be said at Monday's meeting which will raise anew personal controversies which, in the interests of all Liberals, including Sir William Harcourt himself, cannot too soon be buried in oblivion.

It is said in some quarters that the members of the Opposition will be invited on Monday to make some solemn affirmation of their opinions upon the question of our foreign policy. We do not know from whom this invitation is likely to proceed, and in the face of such speeches as those which have been recently made by the leading members of the Liberal party we certainly cannot see what need there is for calling upon the party to make this formal profession of its faith. If one thing has been made more clearly evident than another it is that the Liberal leaders, and we believe the Liberal party as a whole, not only repudiate all sympathy with Jingoism, but the charges which Mr. Morley, under a grave misapprehension, has seen fit to bring against his old party. Sir Henry Fowler's speech at the National Liberal Club on Thursday evening was one of the most moderate, and at the same time one of the most statesmanlike, vindications of the party from the charges of Mr. Morley that we have yet had. Sir Henry Fowler may not be in complete sympathy with every section of a party that now, as in all past times, comprises within its ranks the representatives of many different shades of opinion, but, at least, no one has ever thought of regarding Sir Henry Fowler as a Jingo. On Thursday he defined his own position on foreign affairs with admirable lucidity. He is an Imperialist, as Mr. Gladstone was an Imperialist. He feels the national pride which every honest citizen must feel in the grandeur of his national inheritance. He will be no party to any act that will diminish that inheritance either in its material value or its moral greatness. But he feels just as strongly as its grandeur the tremendous responsibility which such an empire lays upon all who share in it. The duties, even more than the glories of Imperialism, are the things which weigh upon the consciences of all true Imperialists. This, we need hardly say, is not the spirit of the Jingo—the man who clamours for Imperial expansion anywhere and at any cost, and who looks merely to the material advantages which he believes that such an expansion may bring in its train. Sir Henry Fowler put his own case, and we imagine the case of the overwhelming majority of his fellow Liberals, in a nutshell when he said on Thursday that he repudiated alike the foreign policy of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and of Mr. Labouchere. If Mr. Gladstone

were still able to speak to us, it is certain that he also would have joined Sir Henry Fowler in this double repudiation. Between the two extremes represented by the member for Sheffield and the member for Northampton, Liberals can happily find a safe and honourable course which they can pursue without sacrificing any one of the principles bequeathed to them by the great men of old.

This being the case, it seems to us that a mere affirmation of the determination of the party to have no dealings with Jingoism is not only unnecessary but might do more harm than good. The whole party, through all its most responsible spokesmen, has abjured Jingoism, and Mr. Morley's unfortunate speech at Brechin has been riddled by arguments of irresistible weight. In short, British Liberalism has pleaded "not guilty" to the offensive charge, and the passing of no resolution on this subject can strengthen the affidavit of its innocence which it has already filed. But if the Opposition is called upon to pass such a resolution it will naturally have the right to demand a clear explanation of its meaning. It has two dangers to guard against. One of these is Jingoism, and the other Little Englandism. The party cannot for its own sake allow it to be supposed that in avoiding Scylla it has been dragged into dangerous proximity to Charybdis. If it is to forswear all sympathy with the blatant Jingo of the Ashmead-Bartlett type, it must make it clear that it has just as little sympathy with the peculiar "Imperial policy" of the senior member for Northampton. It follows that, if this question of foreign policy is to be raised at all at Monday's meeting, it will probably give rise to a discussion that can do little good and that may do considerable mischief. It cannot be said, after the speeches of Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Bryce, and Mr. Asquith, that there is any real ground for charging the party as a whole with Jingoism. If there is one practical test by which the truth of such a charge can be determined, it is to be found in the view which a man takes of the proper policy to be pursued towards France and Russia. All the Liberals we have named have within the last few days declared emphatically their conviction that it is not merely the bounden duty but the interest of this country that we should arrrive at a good understanding with France and Russia. None of them has uttered a word that indicates, we do not say a desire for war, but even a tolerance of the idea of war with any of our neighbours, if such a war can possibly be avoided. We may remark in passing that we know of no responsible Liberal who, in the hottest moment of the late crisis in our relations with France, ever gave utterance to such sentiments as those which, according to yesterday's telegrams, have recently been avowed by M. Lockroy, a member of the present French Government. We do not feel disposed to exaggerate the importance of M. Lockroy's unhappy statements; but we think that Mr. Morley, when he next feels constrained to comment upon the inflammatory utterances of ministers and statesmen, will do well to take note of what is being said not on one side of the Channel only but on both. It is quite possible that the contrast between the expressed sentiments of M. Lockroy and those of the leaders of the Liberal party may finally bring him to a truer conclusion as to the temper and spirit of his old political colleagues than that which he formed at the time of his retirement. In any case we trust that the members of the Opposition will be able to treat any appeal that is made to them on Monday on the subject of their foreign policy in such a way as to make it clear, not only to Great Britain, but to the world, that the Liberal party stands where it did, that it is true to the declarations and principles of its greatest leaders, and that it is equally removed from the vices of Jingoism and Little Englandism.

MR. BALFOUR AT MANCHESTER.

MR. BALFOUR'S speeches at Manchester deserve the careful attention of all Liberals. In the first place, they deserve that attention because they touch upon subjects which are of special interest to Liberals, and introduce us to a novel method in political discussion. But they are of still greater interest because Mr. Balfour, taking pity on a party which is momentarily without a leader, has been good enough to sketch out a programme for his Liberal opponents. So far as the first point is concerned, we do not know that we have much to add to what we had to say last week. In his references to the question of an Irish Catholic University Mr. Balfour, we maintain, has no right to speak as a private individual so long as he continues to hold his present high office in the State. If he has undertaken to fly a kite in order that his colleagues in the Cabinet may see in what direction the wind is blowing, then we maintain that he is pursuing a course which proves that the Cabinet of which he is a member either lacks the courage of its convictions or has no fixed purpose with regard to a question of grave importance. If, on the other hand, Mr. Balfour is moved only by his personal convictions, and is really speaking, as he declares, only for himself, then we must point out to him that his procedure is altogether faulty. A leading member of a Cabinet who has come to the conclusion that a certain policy is that which ought to be followed, has no right to take the public into his confidence until he has brought his arguments to bear upon his own colleagues in the Cabinet. If he can convince them that his opinion is the right one, he will have the opportunity of giving practical effect to his ideas. With the consent of the Cabinet he can bring in a Bill founded upon those ideas, and submit it to the test of public opinion. If, on the other hand, he fails to convince his colleagues that a certain course is that which ought to be taken in a particular case, and if he feels as strongly as Mr. Balfour professes to do on this Irish University question, he is bound in honour to resign. He has no right to remain in a Cabinet which will not support him upon a question of vital importance, and at the same time to try to rouse public opinion in favour of his own views as a private individual. We are unable to understand how Mr. Balfour can have forgotten this elementary rule of conduct in public life. He himself talked on Tuesday in a somewhat pessimistic way of his indifference to office, and hinted not obscurely that he was quite willing to retire from public life altogether rather than give up the opinion he had formed on the subject of an Irish Roman Catholic University. We should be very sorry to see Mr. Balfour retire from public life. Whatever may be our differences with him on matters of opinion, we recognise both his honesty and his capacity, and we should be loth indeed to witness the withdrawal of a man so able and so high-minded from the service of the State. But he has no right to threaten the general public with his resignation. If he sees fit to make use of that threat at all, it is his duty to address himself to his own colleagues.

Mr. Balfour has, however, been good enough to make a special appeal to his opponents, the members of the Liberal party. It is our duty to listen respectfully to that appeal, and to treat it seriously. So far as

the Irish University Question is concerned, he makes a rather bad blunder in his reply to those members of the Manchester deputation who represented the Nonconformists. The majority of the Nonconformists of England, he declares, correctly enough, supported Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. Then he adds that they have in consequence no *locus standi* upon the Irish University Question. This amazing proposition he supports by a strangely erroneous statement of fact. The Home Rule Bill, he declares, would have enabled the Irish Catholics to found a sectarian University for themselves, whilst it did not provide for the establishment of a Presbyterian University. The Home Rule Bill, we need hardly remind our readers, would have left the whole Irish people to deal with Irish questions—including that of University education — in the manner which seemed best to themselves. It was a Bill that sought to give Ireland that system of representative self-government which Englishmen have already claimed and obtained for all English-speaking communities except Ireland. It was not without provisions for the protection of the rights of the minority, and if it had been carried we have no doubt that this University question would have been settled in an equitable manner without any appeal having to be made to the people of Great Britain. But since Mr. Balfour has made an appeal to British Liberals we must tell him plainly that until a responsible Tory Government has produced an actual Bill for the creation of sectarian Universities in Ireland, Liberals do not feel called upon to express themselves upon the question. Much will depend upon the details of the measure, and those details we cannot judge until they are actually placed before us in the shape of a measure duly introduced by a Minister of the Crown.

But not content with trying to extract some expression of Liberal opinion on a scheme which he offers to us in a form that is neither complete nor authoritative, Mr. Balfour has been good enough to sketch for us the Liberal programme of the future. It is certainly an interesting and remarkable programme that he develops. The Liberal party, it seems, is not to touch the question of the House of Lords, because any reform of that House must tend to strengthen it, and Liberals do not wish to see it strengthened. We should have imagined that even a Tory Minister would be aware of the fact that the majority of Liberals do not dream of reforming the House of Lords, but of abating its power for evil. A prolonged and bitter experience has taught us that the House of Lords has allowed itself to become the mere tool of the Tory party. When a Tory Government is in office it sinks into quiescence and impotence. Occasionally a Tory peer like Lord Londonderry may emit a growl, but the growl is never expanded into a bark, and is never followed by a bite. But when a Liberal Ministry comes into existence the Peers awake from their slumbers and become the active and implacable opponents of all the measures of the Ministry which threaten to touch in even the remotest degree the privileges of their special order. It is this power of thwarting Liberal legislation, and of preventing the Constitutional representatives of the nation from giving effect to the national will, that Liberals seek to curb. Mr. Balfour is strangely mistaken if he imagines that the question of the House of Lords will not hold a prominent place in the programme of the Liberal party when it next appeals to the country. His idea, however, is that Liberals will have to fall back for a programme upon Home Rule and Disestablishment. So far as Home Rule is concerned we are quite content that he should regard the Liberal party as impenitent sinners. We believe as firmly as we ever did that the claim of Ireland to self-government in her own affairs is founded upon justice. On the other hand, everybody now recognises the fact that Home Rule cannot be secured until England — the predominant partner — has been converted to the idea; whilst no sensible Liberal disputes the fact that the passing of the Irish Local Government Act and the present state of Parliamentary parties in Ireland have for the moment given Home Rule a subordinate place on the political stage. As for Disestablishment, we believe that the vast majority of Liberals are favourable to it as a great measure of religious equality. But for the present the cause of Disestablishment would be hindered rather than helped by a mere political agitation. It is a cause which, as Mr. Balfour himself admits, has made unexpected advances during the last twelve months. Those advances are not due, however, to the action of any political party; they come from the strife within the Church itself. Day by day an increasing number of Churchmen are beginning to realise the price which the Church has to pay for its connection with the State. There are few Liberals who are not willing to leave the movement for the liberation of religion from State patronage and State control to grow within the Church itself. They are not so foolish as to accept Mr. Balfour's invitation to "confuse the issue" by converting it into a mere struggle between contending political parties.

THE CHURCH INSURGENT.

THE crowded meeting held at the Albert Hall on Tuesday night is all the more remarkable because it was not brought together by the attraction of any great orator. Lord Kinnaird, who took the chair, is scarcely known to the public, Lord Overtoun is a more familiar figure in Scotland than in England, and Mr. Kensit was not allowed to speak. Sir William Harcourt did not attend, nor any member of Parliament more conspicuous than Mr. Samuel Smith. Nevertheless there was an audience of ten thousand persons, who enthusiastically cheered the speeches, and were entirely of one mind. They knew what they wanted, and expressed it clearly enough in their petition to the Queen. That petition, which the Prime Minister, High Churchman though he be, cannot afford to despise, demands access for the laity to the Ecclesiastical Courts, or in other words the abolition of the episcopal veto. That is the point upon which the Protestant feeling of the country, which has been stirred to its depths, should be concentrated. The Attorney-General has been talking nonsense to his constituents about the need for increasing the authority of the Bishops. The authority of the Bishops will have to be curtailed if the Protestant Church is to be upheld. The Bishops have for years been casting their shield over deliberate lawlessness. The present Archbishop of Canterbury was for ten years Bishop of London, and during the whole of that time he remained inactive, refusing to interfere, while Romanising practices grew and flourished with the rankness which has at length provoked a popular explosion. The present Bishop of London, an astute and wary prelate, is doing his best to smooth things over, and to persuade both sides that he substantially agrees with them. The Bishop of Rochester, whose diocese includes a large part of London, openly supports the Ritualists, even when they announce through Mr. Montagu Villiers their intention of flouting episcopal decrees. The Bishops are of no use in this matter. Most of them are either too timid to act at all

or too sympathetic with extreme High Churchmen to act in the right way. What the laity demand is the impartial administration of the law by the Queen's Courts.

This parrot cry of "Trust the Bishops" has been caught up by the Government as the easiest way out of the difficulty in which they find themselves involved. Lord Salisbury compares the Church with the Army, and says, with Mr. Bagnet, that discipline must be maintained. The analogy is not so much imperfect as absurd. A beneficed clergyman is in possession of a freehold from which no Bishop can exclude him, and of which he can only be deprived for an ecclesiastical offence by a court of law. Mr. Balfour asked the Protestant deputation at Manchester to wait for the Bishops, and was promptly told that they had waited long enough. Englishmen are not fond of waiting for anyone, not even for a leisurely divine in lawn sleeves. The talk about persecution is sheer nonsense. There is no persecution in the temperate enforcement of the general law. Nobody wants to see clergymen in prison, like Mr. Tooth and Mr. Green and other foolish persons undeservedly rewarded with the crown of easy martyrdom. But if a Minister of a Protestant Church persists after warning in the celebration of the Mass and the introduction of other Roman ceremonies, there is no injustice in removing him from an office which he has grossly abused. How long would a Catholic priest be allowed to celebrate the Communion after the Protestant fashion, or to give the laity the cup, or to read the Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue? Mr. Balfour says with perfect truth that some of the extreme Ritualists are men of high character, who lead saintly lives. A similar apology was afforded to Dr. Caius on behalf of Simple, that honest man. But the doctor would not have it. "What does the honest man in my closet?" he asked, and there was no satisfactory answer. But we can give Mr. Balfour a more modern instance. Many of the Irish Nationalists whom he imprisoned between 1887 and 1892 were honourable, high-minded, and unselfish patriots. That did not prevent him from prosecuting them for political offences before magistrates dependent on himself, or from abusing them in Parliament while they were in gaol. It is not now proposed, except by the Bishops, to set up new Courts for the clergy, nor to try them under a special law. Nor is it sought to imprison them. Where is the iniquity or intolerance in saying that the salaried officers of the Established Church shall not be suffered to turn it into a branch of the Church of Rome?

If the clergy dislike the interference of the State they can get rid of it on perfectly well known terms. They can agitate for disestablishment, and if they did they would obtain it. But they have no intention of doing anything of the kind. There are a few High Churchmen, like Mr. George Russell, who wish to sever the connection between the State and the Church. The vast majority of them denounced Mr. Gladstone as a sacrilegious robber because he disestablished the Church of Ireland, and tried to disestablish the Church in Wales. No man used stronger language on the subject than Lord Halifax, the President of the English Church Union. These men want to eat their cake and have it. But the English people have had enough of them. There is no half-way house between the Erastian and the Voluntary principles. So long as the Church of England is established and endowed, it must be subject to the law of Parliament and the supremacy of the Queen. The judgment of the House of Lords in the leading case of the Exeter Reredos has made the Bishops masters of the situation. They have the same right in ecclesiastical prosecutions that the Attorney-General has in other prosecutions. They can stop them all. If the Attorney-General played any tricks of that kind, the House of Commons would refuse to vote his salary, and there would be an end of him. The Bishops are irresponsible, and they have taken advantage of the fact. It therefore becomes the duty of Parliament to take from them a power which they have perverted and a discretion which they have not exercised judicially. Sir William Harcourt, for some reason best known to himself, has declared against the abolition of the Bishops' veto. He says it means disestablishment, which it certainly does not. It simply means the impartial observance of the law, and the maintenance of the authority vested in the Sovereign "over all persons, and over all causes, as well ecclesiastical as temporal, within these her dominions supreme." A Bill for this purpose would be very short, and the Government dare not refuse to give time for it. It would almost certainly pass the House of Commons, and we doubt whether it would be rejected by the House of Lords. The popularity of the episcopal bench, such as it is, does not extend to the temporal Peers.

THE UNREST IN THE BALKANS.

THE lamented death of the Princess of Bulgaria introduces a fresh element of uncertainty into a situation already obscure and complicated enough. It removes another possible check on a Prince whose policy, tortuous and variable in its choice of means, has always been directed ultimately to the attainment of personal and dynastic ends. Prince Ferdinand has just been deprived, on grounds connected solely with local politics, of the Premier who has served him since he parted with his patriotic but inconvenient servant, the late M. Stambuloff. He starts afresh with the leader of M. Stambuloff's party, who is associated with a friend of the liberation of Macedonia and her union, if possible, with Bulgaria. His late wife, whether she really directed his political course or not, would at least have been an instrument of the restraining influence of the Court at Vienna. Her death leaves him more free to follow the course which may be marked out for him by the sympathies of his Bulgarian advisers, and the pressure of the Bulgarian people. For years past Bulgaria has been the chief base of the promoters of revolution in Macedonia, and every winter a rising has been predicted for the coming spring. For some months the agitation has been specially active, and the number of Macedonian refugees at Sofia engaged in it unusually large. It is alleged that aid has been given to it by the Bulgarian Government, and that this Government has obtained control of the Roumelian railway for that purpose. The Porte has made every preparation to suppress a rising, and by so doing it has played into the hands of the least scrupulous among the agitators. Emboldened by the liberation of Crete, the Macedonian Committee has put forth a Circular to the Powers, containing twelve perfectly just and righteous demands. Its great feature is that it attempts to unite all the varied nationalities of Macedonia in the struggle for independence. It promises concession to the dominant nationality in each district in the matter of the recognition of their language, the selection of officials, and the control of the schools. It offers the Porte 25 per cent. of the net revenue, and proposes that a thoroughly democratic Assembly shall have

the apportionment of the rest. It postpones disputes among the conflicting nationalities until such time as the province shall be in the position, relatively to the Porte, in which Eastern Roumelia was placed by the Treaty of Berlin. The new Ministry is reported to be cautious, and its policy conciliatory, pacific, and indefinite. Such a Ministry, whatever it may intend now, will adapt itself to circumstances by-and-by. And what more natural, the Macedonian Committee may ask, than that the Prince should be tempted by his dynastic interests, and forced by the pressure of his subjects, to desire the post of Governor-General for himself, as an alternative, it may be, to following his predecessor into private life?

Of course, we are authoritatively told that Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary are entirely agreed that no disturbance shall take place in the Balkans. That is natural enough. Russia prevented the rising that might have altered the fate of Greece. Austria-Hungary dare not add fuel to the internecine strife that at present threatens her existence, or set up a fresh quarrel between Turcophil Magyars and oppressed Serbs and Roumanians, or Slavophobe Germans and Austrian Slavs. Germany stands out as the protector of the Sultan, the regenerator of his army, the pacific exploiter of his waste lands. But popular forces, even in the Balkans, are apt to be too strong for diplomacy. No doubt the rival nationalities in Macedonia are even more jealous of one another than are the rival nationalities in the Dual Monarchy. And each of the nationalities, save the Albanian, has strong ties with one or other group of the subjects either of that Monarchy or of the Czar. The Albanians, usually the bullies of all the rest in the service of the Turk, are now beginning to act for themselves. Nor is Bulgaria the only State concerned. Official Greece, it is true, is rather inclined to be friendly to the Porte, and to repay the neglect of the Balkan States to second her efforts in 1897 with passive, though not with active, opposition to their efforts in Macedonia now. But supposing that the predicted rising really takes place, and is repressed by the usual Turkish methods, will unofficial Greece be held back by her Government from joining any movement that may be made by the other Balkan States to aid their brethren, and so attempting revenge on her oppressor?

That such a movement is probable is suggested by other considerations. Servia, under the rule of the ex-King Milan, is rapidly becoming a despotism. Every possible step is being taken to kill independent political life. Yet the Servian peasantry have shown considerable interest in and aptitude for politics, and uniform devotion to Russia. The Russian Minister at Belgrade, who has strict orders not to deal with any Cabinet dominated by the ex-King, has just been the subject of a remarkable and extensive demonstration of sympathy, conducted through the post. The Government has simultaneously put itself in the wrong with Europe by issuing a new loan guaranteed on revenues already assigned to prior creditors. Can a system of government which bids fair to become as despotic as that of Lopez in Paraguay survive the active hostility of the whole of its own subjects, combined with the passive hostility of Russia? The Servians have their fellow-Serbs in Macedonia as well as in Austria, and the outrages on Serbs in the Uskub district of Turkey have for years past cried for Servian interference. Can Russia, which accepts Servian devotion, do nothing in return? And can the Austro-Hungarian Government, which is at its wits' end to conciliate its own warring nationalities, allow their brethren in Macedonia, Slavs and Roumans, to be savagely massacred without doing anything to free the country from the dominion of the Turk? Moreover, even the Russian Government is not quite absolute. The Russo-Turkish War of 1876 was not its spontaneous act. Alexander II. was forced on by popular pressure; and Nicholas II. is far more independent of his Ministers and responsive to humanitarian sentiment than was his grandfather. An outbreak in the Balkans will certainly prove a temptation both to the Bulgarian people and to their unscrupulous, if weak, sovereign. It will rouse sympathy among the Servians, and give force to their demonstrations of affection for Russia. It will compel Roumania to assert the claims of the Vlachs, and Greece to revive those of her own kinsfolk. And it may react in such a way on the difficulties of Austria-Hungary, and on popular feeling in Russia, that those Powers, whatever their views may be, will be unable to hold aloof.

All these considerations, no doubt, move the minds of the Macedonian Forwards at Sofia; but still they are playing a very dangerous game. Not only has it failed in the case of Armenia and of Greece, but the history of Crete has made it less likely than ever to succeed in Macedonia. The Powers who desired in 1896 to make Crete into a cockpit in which the Turks should be assisted by a European blockade to work their will are quite capable of treating Macedonia in the same fashion, and do not require the help of the British fleet to enable them to do so. And they will have this plea to urge: That the Czar's Conference is at hand. While it is sitting, and it may last through the year, the territorial questions which the Macedonian dispute may raise *must* be kept down. We do not think a rising, in its ultimate outcome, would benefit Macedonia much. And for the peace of Europe its results would be disastrous in the extreme. It would shatter the Czar's Conference; it would set Russia against Germany, and both against Austria-Hungary, and Austria-Hungary against herself.

FINANCE.

THE rise upon the Stock Exchange is going on too fast and too furiously. After three years of depression and intermittent political alarms the public thinks that it sees an opportunity for making money, and it is to be feared that not a few are plunging recklessly. To this it may be objected, no doubt, that the danger of war has passed; that all the questions pending between ourselves and France now promise to be amicably settled; that the Samoan difficulty will be arranged; that the Russian Emperor is intent upon giving effect to his Peace proposals; and that, in short, after more than three years of incessant alarm we are now entering upon a period of universal repose. Moreover, trade is wonderfully good in almost all the important countries of the world. Here at home the people are perhaps more prosperous than ever before in our history, and in every direction there are signs of expanding trade. In the United States three successive abundant harvests have dispelled gloom and despondency, have enriched the farmers, and have restored prosperity. In Canada the harvest has been similarly good. In South America, everywhere there are signs of recovering credit and reviving hope. In India the people are showing a recuperative energy such as has never been witnessed before, and all over the Continent there are also signs of better trade. Lastly, money is abundant and cheap. It is quite true that these facts would justify a large investment and a moderate rise in prices, but the rise that we see going on day by day is not moderate. In many cases it is extravagant. In the United States, for example, the prices of railway securities and of

industrial securities have been doubled, in some cases trebled, in other cases multiplied four times, in the course of a few months; and here at home we see South African gold shares in some instances actually higher than they were at the height of the boom in 1895. Granting, for the sake of argument, that all the prices are justified, that there has been such a change for the better both in the United States and in South Africa that what was reckless in 1895 is sound now, yet the advance in prices has been brought about in so short a time that it is impossible that it can be safe. We are not writing as mere pessimists nor with any desire to create alarm. Our object is simply to warn our readers that a little more caution and a little pause would now be advisable. However good a property may be, there are some limits beyond which prices cannot be carried. And if day after day quotations are put up they must reach the danger point at last. In the meantime, it is certain that trade is developing in every direction. New orders for shipping are being placed in all our leading ports. Last year the new shipping tonnage turned out was larger than in any other year of our history, and according to present appearances the outturn in the New Year will considerably exceed that of 1898. So, again, the iron and steel trades, the copper trade—in short, nearly all the metal trades—are growing more and more active, in some cases are so active that they cannot take new orders. And there are signs, likewise, of improvement in all the textile trades. The news from our chief customers is likewise encouraging. We have referred already to the extraordinary prosperity of the United States. In Argentina and in Uruguay the new harvests are wonderfully good, and in Brazil there are at last signs of improvement. In India the Money Market is much less stringent than it was a year ago. Harvest prospects are excellent, and the people are showing a purchasing power which was not anticipated.

Money continues both abundant and cheap. On Thursday the Directors of the Bank of England reduced the rate of discount to 3 per cent., but they are very wisely taking measures to increase their reserve. They have raised their buying price for gold, and are at last getting some of the metal. There is very little demand for it abroad, and it looks as if the Bank would be able materially to increase its reserve. Whether it does so depends mainly upon the course of the American Money Market. Usually there is some advance in rates in New York in the month of February. It is possible that this year, when speculation is rampant and trade exceptionally active, that rates may rise high enough to make it advisable to take gold from London. If so, rates will have to rise here. On the other hand, if the New York Money Market is not materially changed rates will be easy both here and in Germany. In Germany the German and the Prussian Governments have decided to bring out their loans nearly a month earlier than was expected. Until last week the general impression was that the Imperial Bank would put down its rate to 4 per cent., so as to prepare the Market, and that the two loans would after that be brought out. For whatever reason, the programme has not been followed, and in another respect the two Governments have departed from all past precedent. Instead of employing a syndicate of banks, they have sold the two loans to one single bank, the Deutsche. The Prussian loan is for 6¼ millions sterling, and the German loan for 3¾ millions sterling, together 10 millions sterling. It is taken for granted that the loans will be successfully subscribed. But no doubt the policy pursued has given much dissatisfaction in Germany. Meanwhile the Indian Money Market is much less stringent than at this time last year and the year before. But the India Council continues to sell its drafts wonderfully well. It offered for tender on Wednesday 70 lacs, and the total applications were for 853½ lacs. The amount offered was allotted at an average price of 1s. 4 3/32d. per rupee for bills and 1s. 4⅛d. for telegraphic transfers. Subsequently a small amount was sold by special contract at 1s. 4⅛d. per rupee.

The report of the London and County Banking Corporation states that the net profits of the past half-year amount to £300,948. Transferring £20 000 to premises account and £70,000 to reserve fund there remains £210,948, which, with £70,359 brought forward, makes a sum available for dividend of £281,308. The directors accordingly declare a dividend for the half-year of 10 per cent., together with a bonus of 1 per cent., absorbing £220,000, and they carry forward £61,308. The dividend just declared, with that paid for the first half of the year, makes a total dividend of 22 per cent. for 1898.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—Mr. Asquith's speech at Darwen strikes the right note. Avoiding the further discussion of personal and sectional differences in the Liberal party, it shows what the work is that now awaits the party as a whole. For the moment, it must be confessed, Liberalism is handicapped by the condition into which the Opposition in the House of Commons has fallen. Everybody knows, however, that the Liberal party is something infinitely stronger and greater than its representation in the general Parliament, and provided no false step is taken at this critical moment in the history of the party, there is not the smallest reason to fear for the future of British Liberalism.

That strenuous efforts are being made by certain Liberals to bring about a reaction in favour of Sir William Harcourt is undeniable. It is difficult to understand what these gentlemen hope to effect by the efforts they are now making. They cannot pretend that the condition of the Opposition in the House of Commons when Sir William was its undisputed leader was so favourable that it would be desirable to return to it. Sir William Harcourt's letter to Mr. Morley can be adduced as proof of the lamentable state into which the party had fallen. For this state of things Sir William laid the whole responsibility upon his colleagues and followers. It is impossible to suppose that all of these gentlemen will be willing to admit that Sir William's grave allegations against them are well-founded. Yet this is what they would do if they were to invite him to return whilst those allegations remain in evidence. As for Sir William himself, he cannot desire the country to suppose his resignation was not genuine. When Lord Rosebery retired from the leadership of the whole party in 1896 there were some of his friends who were eager to secure his immediate recall by means of a party vote. Fortunately they were overruled by wiser men, and they met with no kind of countenance from Lord Rosebery himself. It would be hardly possible to do Sir William Harcourt greater injury than by attempting to bring him back once more to a position which he has already abandoned for reasons that — however crudely or inaccurately they may have been stated —are at least recognised by everybody as sufficient.

Sunday.—The French Government have yielded to outside clamour in agreeing that the Dreyfus case shall be brought before the whole Court of Cassation instead of being left to the Criminal Chamber alone. Apparently it is admitted that there is no real justification for the charges which M. de Beaurepaire brought against the members of the Criminal Chamber; but although nobody is condemned, the object at which de Beaurepaire aimed has been secured, and the Chamber has been discredited beforehand in the eyes of the French people. It is gratifying to know that in Paris the feeling of hostility towards this country, which ran

so high a few weeks ago, is rapidly subsiding; but in the provinces it has not yet had time to abate, and, curiously enough, the worst crime of Englishmen in the eyes of French provincials is not our action on the Nile, but our open sympathy with Dreyfus and Picquart. This seems curious, but it is true nevertheless.

Mr. Chamberlain was in his most exalted vein yesterday when addressing "my own people"—note the Grand-Seignorial air—at Birmingham. Time was when poor Mr. George Dixon ventured to remind Mr. Chamberlain that "Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Birmingham were not synonymous terms." For this act of *lèse-majesté* Mr. Dixon was punished by being left unadorned by the Privy Councillorship which more faithful servants of Mr. Chamberlain received. To judge by yesterday's speech it is not merely Birmingham but the British Empire itself that is now regarded, by one person at least, as being synonymous with the name of Chamberlain.

Monday.—The London papers were strangely misinformed on Saturday when they stated that the meeting of the Liberal party next Monday would not be held at the Reform Club. My statement of last Tuesday that the Reform would be the place of meeting was authoritative and correct. The gathering will be held in the large smoking-room on the first floor—a room the windows of which command the smoking-room of the Carlton Club, in which many important meetings of the Conservative party have been held. The Reform Club smoking-room was the apartment in which the meeting for the election of Mr. Gladstone's successor in the leadership of the party was held four-and-twenty years ago. As everybody knows, at that time the claims of Lord Hartington and Mr. Forster were hotly maintained by rival sections of the party. If a division had actually taken place at the moment of election there is little doubt that Mr. Forster would have received the support of a majority of the members; but, seeing the evil consequences that must follow from such a struggle, Mr. Forster generously withdrew his name from the contest and left Lord Hartington as the sole nominee for the leadership. At the meeting at which Lord Hartington was elected Mr. Bright presided. I believe that an unofficial Liberal will be placed in the chair next Monday.

Tuesday.—Mr. Balfour's speech at Manchester was in the main a serious utterance. But one or two passages in it are certainly not easily to be understood. The first is that in which he professes to give an account of Sir Henry Fowler's views regarding Home Rule. Sir Henry will have an opportunity of speaking for himself at the National Liberal Club on Thursday; but to those who read his speech at Wolverhampton it is nothing less than astounding that Mr. Balfour should have misrepresented him in so glaring a manner. To say that the passing of the Local Government Act has changed the situation as regards Home Rule, and that until that Act has had a fair trial the English public are not likely to favour the reopening of an agitation for Home Rule, is something very different from an assertion that Local Government is a substitute for Home Rule, and that the latter must now be repudiated by the Liberal party. Mr. Balfour has always been inaccurate in his statements on Irish questions; but he was never so glaringly inaccurate as in this travesty of Sir Henry Fowler's clear and explicit declaration.

The other point in the speech which startles one is the statement that the majority of Liberals are now admirers of the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield. A more ridiculous assertion has seldom been made. I suppose Mr. Balfour will plead the authority of Mr. Morley for the statement; but, as everybody ought to know, Mr. Morley's charge against the Liberal party has been repudiated with something like unanimity. And even Mr. Morley, though he unfortunately believes that too many of us have become Jingoes, has never fallen into the mistake of believing that any considerable portion of the Liberal party has fallen under the spell of Lord Beaconsfield's showy charlatanry. Why, not long ago Mr. Balfour himself significantly reminded us that Lord Beaconsfield was dead. That was when he was called upon to attempt the hopeless task of defending Lord Beaconsfield's policy. Surely he might give Liberals credit for not being anxious to take upon their shoulders a burden which even Lord Beaconsfield's successors have tried to cast off.

After the feverish interlude of last week, when there were signs which seemed to threaten another domestic storm in the heart of the Opposition ranks, we have entered upon a season of calm. It is a pleasant change. There does not now seem to be any reason to apprehend any difference of opinion at the meeting of the party next Monday. There is a general desire that the election of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman should be unanimous, and that he should enter upon his difficult duties with the full assurance of the loyal support of all sections of the party.

Wednesday.—The Protestant trumpet was sounded loudly enough in all conscience at the Albert Hall last night. It is a pity, however, that more direct reference was not made to the one real remedy for the evils of which Lord Kinnaird and his friends complain—Disestablishment. Even Sir William Harcourt, however, seems to shrink from raising this cry, whilst Mr. Balfour holds that it is the duty of Liberals to save the tender feelings of Conservatives by doing their work for them, both with regard to Disestablishment and the creation of a Roman Catholic University in Dublin. That we are entering upon a stormy era in the history of ecclesiastical politics is now clearly apparent. The restraining influence which Mr. Gladstone so long had in the discussion of matters ecclesiastical has been removed, and there is great danger that mischief may be done by hot-headed and intolerant zealots on either side. In the meantime, I would commend to the particular notice of Liberals the charmingly cool statement of Mr. Balfour that English Nonconformists have no right to express an opinion on the Irish University question because they were in favour of granting Ireland Home Rule and thus enabling her to erect a Catholic University of her own. The philosophic mind of Mr. Balfour cannot possibly be so shallow as by this proposition he tries to make it appear.

The death of the unfortunate and unhappy Princess of Bulgaria, has been the occasion of the publication in this morning's papers of a series of statements regarding her which are of the most contradictory character. According to one paper she took no interest in politics. According to another she only interfered in political affairs in order to intercede with her husband on behalf of the unfortunate M. Stambuloff; whilst a third authority—the Vienna correspondent of *The Daily News*—asserts that she was the chief enemy of that statesman, and declares that Madame Stambuloff regarded her as being responsible for her husband's murder. Who shall decide amid all these differences! All that one can affirm, personally, is that the Princess had a very uncongenial and unhappy life at Sofia. Her sufferings may have been caused by her own follies or by those of her husband; but the fact remains that she was an eminently melancholy figure on the stage of European affairs, and has figured in more than one recent work of fiction as the heroine of a tragedy.

The bestowal of the Garter upon the Earl of Elgin is a well-deserved recognition of his work in India. But one has not been accustomed of late to see high honours bestowed upon anyone who is not a member of the Unionist coalition. Even the two Jubilees were used for the advantage of Lord Salisbury's adherents. The bestowal of this high honour upon a Liberal peer comes, therefore, upon us as something of a surprise

Thursday.—Members of Parliament are arriving

in town in considerable numbers, and the political clubs are once more lively. Public interest seems to be concentrated upon two questions—the Protestant agitation and the meeting at the Reform Club on Monday. The great gathering at the Albert Hall has undoubtedly made an impression upon the public mind, and Mr. Balfour's reference to the advance of the Disestablishment cause has also had its effect, so that people seem to be preparing themselves for an active ecclesiastical session. If such a thing should come to pass we may have a more eventful political year than was expected a few weeks ago.

As for the Reform Club meeting, I do not gather that anything has happened during the last few days to weaken the belief that it will result in the unanimous selection of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to fill the vacant post. It is true that one or two members are anxious to raise personal issues founded upon the allegations in the Harcourt-Morley correspondence, and that others wish for a protest against Jingoism. But the hope prevails that no speeches will be made that will lead to any fresh outburst of dissension or bitterness in the ranks of the party. It would be disastrous to Liberalism if such an outburst took place, and the best men of all sections of the party are anxious that anything of the sort should be avoided on Monday. In connection with the memories of the last "leadership meeting" at the Reform Club, which are published in *The Daily Chronicle* this morning, I may mention one curious incident. The meeting was, of course, limited to Liberal members of the House of Commons *plus* one official reporter, the late Mr. Robert Donald. But despite the precautions taken to prevent the intrusion of unauthorised people, the representative of a certain London newspaper, who was neither a member of Parliament nor a member of the Reform Club, succeeded in outwitting the doorkeepers and calmly took his seat among the M.P.'s as though he were one of themselves. As this gentleman is still living it may be desirable not to mention his name.

I see that the London correspondent of *The Birmingham Post* challenges me to make good my statement that he frequently "gives currency to absolutely unfounded statements manifestly emanating from someone who wishes to injure Lord Rosebery." This remark I made in connection with the "absolutely unfounded statement" that the meeting of the Liberal leaders to consider the leadership crisis was to be held at Lord Rosebery's house, the implication being, of course, that Lord Rosebery was engaged in what certain ill-informed persons have described as the "intrigues" of the front bench against Sir William Harcourt. I expressed my regret that this unfounded statement should have been made in *The Birmingham Post*, and commented, in the words I have quoted above, on the fact that it was not by any means the first statement of that character that had appeared in the same paper.

In reply to the challenge of the London correspondent of *The Birmingham Post* I have only to say that I have already publicly corrected at least one statement of his referring to Lord Rosebery. It is quite true that I expressed my belief that he, being a man of honour, "would not give currency to any statement that he knew to be untrue." To that belief I still adhere, but the very fact that this correspondent is incapable of knowingly stating what is false makes me regret the more keenly the frequency with which he falls into error in his assertions about one particular public man. He will hardly profess that his statement about the alleged meeting at Lord Rosebery's house was accurate. Will he state upon whose authority he made it? And, since he challenges me on the subject, may I ask him also to give his authority for the following statement which appeared in his letter in *The Birmingham Post* of December 16th: "He (Mr. John Morley) is understood to be *on Lord Rosebery's list of proscription*"? None of the friends either of Mr. Morley or Lord Rosebery know anything of this "list," nor has it ever been hinted before that Mr. Morley's name was inscribed on any such document. Will *The Birmingham Post* correspondent who has made this very serious statement respecting Mr. Morley tell us on whose authority he made it? Nobody believes the story, but if it is not a mere invention, some responsible authority must have communicated the extraordinary story to the correspondent. Will he give us the name of his informant? Having mentioned two misstatements regarding Lord Rosebery which have appeared in *The Birmingham Post* within the space of a few weeks, I need hardly carry further my justification of what I have said.

Friday.—Sir Henry Fowler's speech at the National Liberal Club last night was by no means the least memorable contribution to the oratory of the recess which is now coming to an end. It was a broad, statesmanlike, and elevated survey of the existing situation so far as the Liberal party is concerned, and it is likely to have a marked influence on the fortunes of the party. Nothing could have been better in form or clearer and more resolute in substance than his repudiation of Mr. Morley's charge of Jingoism. Not a word was said that could hurt Mr. Morley, but the vindication of the Liberal party was complete and convincing. It manifestly carried with it the sympathies of the audience Sir Henry Fowler was addressing. As I anticipated, Sir Henry seized the opportunity of exposing the gross misrepresentation of his views on Home Rule that was made by Mr. Balfour on Monday. Altogether the speech is a refreshing one, not only in its candour, but in its full grasp of the difficulties which confront the Liberal party. There was no depression of spirits perceptible in Sir Henry's utterances, nor was any depression shown by his audience.

ZIONISM.

ALTHOUGH Zionism is by no means a new phenomenon, it has within the last year or two been rejuvenated to a remarkable degree. From a purely philanthropical enterprise it has suddenly developed into a national—or quasi-national—movement. The inauguration of the English Zionist Federation may be said to mark the victory of Dr. Herzl's policy over the older aims and methods of the Chosen Lion Association. The latter was a sober and steady-going body, which contented itself with subsidising colonies and establishing small settlements of persecuted or poverty-stricken Jews upon the soil of Palestine. Such a policy did not aim at any very startling results, and was sometimes criticised as unfruitful; but its supporters claim that it was quietly effective. The eruption of political Zionism, however, seems to have proved almost fatal to it. The new policy, of which Dr. Herzl is the founder and moving spirit, is far more ambitious, and boldly proclaims its intention of putting an end to Anti-Semitism, and achieving the final solution of the whole Semitic problem by the establishment of a Jewish State. The present position of Jews throughout Europe, it is declared, is intolerable, and the demand for some heroic remedy has become imperative. Let all Israelites gather themselves together, migrate to Palestine, and establish themselves in a "legally safeguarded" home, and there will be at once an end to all the sufferings of the chosen people and a fulfilment of their most cherished aspirations.

Such a programme certainly sounds attractive; and naturally commended itself at once to those who had nothing to lose by its adoption. Among the bulk of English Jews, however, it has aroused little enthusiasm. Anglo-Jewish opinion is, for the most part, either indifferent or actively hostile; and "English" Zionism recruits its ranks almost entirely from among the Russian and Polish immigrants of the East End. The more prosperous and

"Anglicised" portion of the community have set their faces against it; and the movement is denounced on various grounds as impious, dangerous, and impracticable. In one aspect it certainly gives a rude shock to those who have been for generations endeavouring to "assimilate" and merge themselves in the life of their adopted country. Jewish patriotism has always been a point upon which Gentile critics are apt to be incredulous; and the Jews of this country have done their best to prove that they are English to the backbone. The difference between Jew and Gentile, they assert, is one of creed and not of nationality. A certain number, indeed, are prone to indulge in an undue amount of protestation on the subject, and have a habit of shouting their patriotism from the house-tops. Hence it is at least disconcerting when a number of their fellow-Jews arise and—implicitly, if not overtly—contradict them, proclaiming the racial separateness of Israel, protesting against absorption, and unfurling the banner of a Jewish "National Idea." Such an agitation is naturally regarded as likely to be prejudicial to the position of Jews in the country. Some of the Zionists, it is true, are fain to protest against this, and stoutly deny that their hope of the Promised Land can interfere in the least with their right to the flesh-pots of Egypt; but such a position seems to be hardly tenable. If their true home is Zion, they must expect, wherever else they are, to be regarded as strangers in the land. Only a few, however, of the most outspoken Zionists seem prepared to accept frankly this awkward conclusion from the Zionistic doctrine.

But, apart altogether from the question of patriotism, the Zionist propaganda furnishes abundant matter for controversy; and the effect of Zionism has been to divide the whole body of Jews into sharply antagonistic camps. It is only necessary to glance at almost any number of any Jewish periodical to get some idea of the extraordinary bitterness with which the battle of Zionism is being fought on ~~either~~ side. Thus on the same day of last month we find the organ of Zionism protesting against "the methods and manners of the gutter," and declining to follow the traducers of Zionism "into the mire of personal abuse in which they wallow with such evident satisfaction," and a correspondent of the anti-Zionist *Jewish Chronicle* declaring himself "ashamed of the mud-throwing in which some of our Zionist friends indulge, and at the dirt and venom they shower upon their opponents." These are very bitter words; but it would be only a slight exaggeration to say that they are typical of the general tone of the controversy.

As to the merits of the case, and the validity of most of the arguments employed by ~~either~~ side, it would be impertinent for a Gentile to hazard an opinion. The interpretation of the numerous Messianic prophecies and Rabbinical dicta which bear upon the question seems to be wrapt in obscurity; and Scriptural passages are quoted freely and with great plausibility by the Zionists and their opponents alike. But it is, perhaps, easier for an outsider than for those who are in the thick of the fight to grasp the broader issues which are at the root of the controversy. To begin with, it seems obvious that Zionism in England differs radically in its motives and grounds from the Continental movement. Zionism on the Continent is in its essence a revolt against Anti-Semitism; and as such is an answer—or an attempt at an answer—to a problem which every day grows more pressing. In England this problem does not exist, and accordingly there is less life in the movement, because there is a less urgent demand for it. Here it is not persecution, but the less formidable danger of absorption, which the Zionists are more or less consciously seeking to avoid. Israel, it is feared, is ceasing to be a peculiar people. Under the conditions of English life the barrier between Jew and Gentile is breaking down; and the Jews of this country are becoming so thoroughly "Anglicised" that they are rapidly losing all their Jewishness. The fate of assimilation leads directly to the obliteration of all distinctively Jewish traits, and in the long run must prove to be a suicidal policy. It would be idle to deny that there is much force in such arguments; and from the orthodox Jewish standpoint there is evidently a strong case against the "assimilators." In Judaism the elements of race and religion seem to be inseparably united; and hitherto both have been preserved by the force of isolation. Between the Ghetto and the outer world there has been a wall of mutual hostility and prejudice; and it is undoubtedly to this safeguard that Judaism largely owes its marvellous persistence and vitality. But in England this wall has now been virtually overthrown, and there is little to hinder the free intercourse of Jew and Gentile. Under such circumstances, the Jew naturally tends to take the colour of his surroundings. His outlook is no longer confined to the things of the Ghetto; and the whole system of his ideas and habits is in a fair way to be revolutionised. The outcome of all this, in the eyes of the Zionist, is that, unless circumstances are abruptly altered, Judaism itself is unlikely to survive. The matter is, of course, complicated by a multitude of other considerations, but this seems to be the dominant conviction which is really at the root of English Zionism.

Viewed in this light, Zionism appears to be little else than a straw which the drowning spirit of Judaism clutches at; there is a dim apprehension of the coming end, and the instinct of racial self-preservation prompts a last effort to escape it. Short of a national reunion upon a common soil, no remedy presents itself. Zionism is thus, in Max Nordau's phrase—though not, perhaps, in the sense in which he intended it—"die letzte Anstrengung der Juden"; and regarded as a practical enterprise, it seems at the best to be a forlorn hope. For on this point at least—the not unimportant point of practicability—the criticisms of the anti-Zionists seem to be fully justified. Even supposing that the initial obstacles were overcome, viz. that an agreement was made with the Sultan, and sufficient capital for the enterprise was forthcoming—an immense hypothesis, considering on the one hand the importance of Jerusalem to the Turk, and on the other the unfriendly attitude of the great Jewish financiers—the remaining difficulties would still apparently be insuperable. A State is a thing which it is hard to manufacture to order. As *The Jewish Chronicle* some time ago pertinently remarked, "You cannot gather shiploads of men of diverse race and political training, deposit them in a strange land, and exclaim, 'Behold, a nation!'" It is questionable, moreover, how many even of the most ardent Zionists would be prepared to realise their aspirations if the chance were actually offered them. It is to be feared that few except those who have failed elsewhere and have little or nothing to lose—except, in fact, the incompetent—would avail themselves of such an opportunity when it came to the point. But as far as events have shown there does not seem to be the remotest likelihood of any such contingency. Hitherto the sole apparent outcome of Zionism has been the fresh enforcement by the Turkish authorities of laws restricting Jewish immigration into Palestine. Along the whole line, in fact, there seem to be impassable difficulties; and to imagine that any of the practical suggestions yet made are in the least belief to realise the grand ideal of Israel as a political unit, would be a piece of visionary extravagance which scarcely deserves to be taken seriously. But it seems certain that unless something definite is speedily accomplished the present enthusiasm will not long be maintained, and in that case the movement will be in danger of an ignominious collapse. Only success in the form of some tangible result can keep it going, and it is a prospect which just now appears to be indefinitely remote. The net result of the agitation, in fact, seems likely to justify the feeling which is, on the whole

dominant in the Anglo-Jewish community—that their Zion, like Lothario's America, is here or nowhere.

TO "MAGA."

FROM the Thousandth Number of "Maga" who is so churlish as to withhold a greeting? It is a portly number, twice the usual size, with a notable dash of quality here and there, but, above all, a manful assertion of the old Tory spirit. If it had no other claim, *Blackwood's Magazine* would be entitled to respect by the tenacity with which it sticks to its colours. The whirligig of party spirit plays some queer tricks with its prejudices. It is certain that nothing would astound and anger Christopher North so much, if he could return to the flesh, as the present composition of the Unionist party, and a good deal of its policy. In the present number there is a very fair imitation of the "Noctes," in which Christopher "hastily" disposes of the most prominent Unionist statesman with the remark that "Mr. Chamberlain deserves great credit for finding time in a busy life to read at all." It is an ambiguous compliment; but what would the original Christopher have said of the politician who, only a few years ago, was Jack Cade to a Tory critic by no means comparable to John Wilson in the mastery of flouts and jeers? The new Christopher makes a tame effort to fling epithets at "the meddling fingers and bemuddled pates of all who would tamper with our glorious Constitution." It is a mocking echo of the old temper. If the real "crusty Christopher" were amongst us again, his crutch would fall most heavily on the pates which wear the halos of Tory sanctity. But in spite of some awkward knots in her political chronology, "Maga" holds sturdily to her old creeds. In all our periodical literature she alone maintains a genuine tradition. Other magazines of considerably less than her age have long parted from their original character and mission. The stress of competition is a transforming agent; so is the idea that the world has very little time for reading, and must snatch a few lines between the bite and the sup. But "Maga" disdains to adopt any time-saving appliances. Her readers are still people of leisure and unimpeachable orthodoxy; and we are rather surprised to see no public mention of the fact that on the day the Thousandth Number was published very little business (except the sale of that prodigy) was transacted in Scotland.

It certainly needs time, a comfortable chair (for dozing), and a jorum at your elbow (or what the Ettrick Shepherd would call "a caulker"), for the appreciation of the article entitled "From the New Gibbon." The historian is writing in some century far ahead, and describes the decadence of the British nation towards the close of the Victorian era. It all sprang from the abolition of the Corn Laws. The curse of cheap food broke the spirit of the peasantry, and according to "the universal experience of mankind the preservation of a robust and high-spirited peasantry is the sole defence of a nation against external enmity." Free Trade also destroyed the true sense of sport, and drove the Briton to "bestriding the bicycle." "Nor was he even sensible of the degradation that would prefer a mechanical toy to a living creature with a will independent of yet conformable to his own." The new Gibbon does not know that the degenerate Briton would rather have ridden a horse than a bicycle, but found the "mechanical toy" less expensive. Well, does not Free Trade compel him to take the cheaper mount?

> What killed the peasantry, their country's pride?
> What gave us bicycles, not beasts, to ride?

Where, except in "Maga," can choleric gentlemen of the old school (there are still plenty of them left) find a jeremiad so entirely to their taste? And even if it does not represent your view of recent history, does it lose on that score any of its rich old crab-apple flavour? No man who loves tradition for its own æsthetic sake would forego this particular element of "our glorious Constitution." In the new "Noctes" there is this prophecy for "Maga"—

> Glorious the past she can recall;
> But if the omen's true,
> Her day's not o'er; she has in store
> A glorious future too.

The mere logician may wonder how this glorious future is to coincide with the national decay pictured by the new Gibbon. But to appreciate "Maga" and to hope that her omen will maintain its credit, you must be no stickler for impossible harmonies.

Then what would the Thousandth Number be without the "essential unveracity" of Mr. Gladstone? When that great man died, "Maga" lost a notable stimulus. He was always good for twenty pages of animated homily. Now nothing is left to her but his "evil eye." It is the "Looker-On" who tells us the sinister tale with which the late Sir Edgar Boehm curdled the blood of the credulous. It shows that the imagination which is lacking in Boehm's sculpture came out in his gossip. He once beheld Mr. Gladstone in combat with Professor Blackie. The Professor ventured to disagree with Mr. Gladstone about Homer, but was paralysed by his opponent's eyes. First the outer lids "widened to the fulness of their steady glare." Then the inner lids opened, and Blackie "looked into the Pit." Boehm told the same tale to Mr. Lecky, but modified it for consumption by a nominal historian. The "Looker-On" received it in the plenitude of its later embellishment. He believes that Mr. Gladstone could show his inner eyelids like a vulture, and is prompted naturally to reflections upon his "essential unveracity." Here is one of "Maga's" most endearing characteristics—the childlike simplicity with which she hugs her nursery bogies, endowing them not only with psychological mysteries of wickedness that make her flesh creep, but also with vulture's eye-lids and other tangible horrors that serve the old purpose of the mediæval horns, hoofs, and tail.

To those of us who read the monthly periodicals, not always for our own amusement, these things worthily sustain the glories of a thousand numbers. But they do not by any means exhaust the merits of "Maga's" contributions to our century. Her views of literature may be narrow. Against any study in fiction of the darker problems of life she has steadily set her face. Every story must be pleasant for the leisured Scotch gentleman in the easy chair, with the "caulker" at his elbow. A soul perplexed beyond the borders of Episcopalian complacency is to him anathema. You must be careful, too, in small affairs of literary allusion. To call Stevenson "R. L. S." is "an affectation which does not make for the dignity of letters." But "Maga" can serve literature in her own way, and sometimes, perhaps, even better than she knows. What does the reader with the "caulker" make of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's performance in the Thousandth Number? He may accept it because it seems to satirise Romish superstition in the Middle Ages. "Madonna of the Peach-Tree" is the story of a "miracle" at Verona in the fourteenth century. But the style of it—a style which recalls Walter Pater *plus* a most un-Pater-like virility—must puzzle many of "Maga's" readers even in the cultivated households of Edinburgh. Moreover, behind this mask of old romance there lurks an audacious modern spirit which is not visible in Mr. Bernard Capes and other purveyors of style for the orthodox. "Madonna of the Peach-Tree" is the literary trophy of the Thousandth Number; but its accord with the tradition is dubious, and our congratulations to "Maga" borrow a little harmless irony from the appearance of Mr. Hewlett as the most considerable artist in her ancient galley.

THE DRAMA.

"WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?"—"A GREEK SLAVE."

"MAMMA," said the small girl, "what shall I think about?" "My dear child," was the reply, "don't think." I fancy some such colloquy as this must have taken place between Mr. George Pleydell Bancroft and his Muse, the result being *What Will the World Say?* Now the practice of refraining from thought is harmless enough in itself. It is said to be of positive benefit to people trying to cure themselves of insomnia. It may even co-exist with some kinds of productive labour; as in the classic instance of the Jolly Young Waterman, who "rowed along thinking of nothing at all." But a steadfast determination not to think may have by-products which are none the less disagreeable because they are unexpected, as, for example, a four-act play. I very much doubt if you will find a single character, motive or incident in *What Will the World Say?* which the playwright has thought out for himself. You feel that you have seen and heard everything in it before, over and over again—in the theatre, *bien entendu*, not in the real world. Did not Mr. F. C. Burnand once dwell on the inconvenience of having an idiot solicitor? Mark Westoby is that solicitor. He neglects his business for schemes of social ambition. Disregarding the warning of his wife and family, he removes from his pleasant suburban villa to a house in Park Lane, and sends out cards of invitation to the "world." The "world" sends telegrams of excuse because it has read in the *Times*—of course, Mark has not—that his business is in the Bankruptcy Court. Then he returns to his suburban villa, with hair grown white in the *entr'acte* and eyes opened to the vanity of the "world." He is consoled by those domestic affections which he had formerly despised, and his soldier son returns from the wars, saved from death by the cigarette case (his sweetheart's gift) which he had worn next his heart. Before this son went to the wars he was a selfish valetudinarian. *Item:* an American girl for the son's sweetheart. *Item:* an Earl who turns hansom cabman. *Item:* they finish with a Morris dance. Why should all these well-worn "properties" have been dragged out from the theatrical lumber-room?

Given an idiot solicitor and it follows (at Terry's Theatre) that the part will fall to Mr. Edward Terry. While Mr. Bancroft repeats other people, Mr. Terry repeats himself. Thus the policy of not thinking is carried out all round. Of course the idiot solicitor has a wife who is far too good for him; Miss Carlotta Addison plays the part with her unfailing charm. . . And mention of this lady reminds me that I have been unjust to Mr. Bancroft. There is *one* incident in his play which must be, I think, of his own invention—at any rate I have not seen it before. The idiot solicitor has sent a "sensational" cheque to a charity in order that his name may head a subscription list in *The Times*. His wife intercepts the letter, and substitutes another which makes the donor of the £5,000 anonymous. In this she appears to approve a charitable action but to require that it shall be put on a right basis. When the idiot solicitor discovers the trick that has been played upon him, he takes it very quietly. I assume, therefore, that Mr. Bancroft thinks it, at the worst, a case of "pious fraud." I cannot agree. I say nothing about the initial business of opening the letter. The best of wives, we are given to understand, *will* do this, and, if jealousy is at work, as (I suppose) it generally is in such cases, we must judge them leniently. But for the wife, having opened the letter, to falsify it, not merely to frustrate the writer's object, but to compel him to do the very opposite of what he intended—this, I think, is a little "steep." Jesuitical casuistry—*qui veut la fin veut les moyens* and so forth—might defend it; and perhaps the rough-and-ready morality of a theatrical audience condones the offence with a "Serve him right!" Nevertheless I wish Mr. Bancroft had indicated something of doubt and misgiving as to the lady's action, and shown more of a struggle in her mind. The trick does not harmonise with the sweet natured, straightforward woman that Miss Carlotta Addison (whatever her authors may intend) always plays and cannot help playing. Forgery is an ugly thing, far too ugly a thing for a pretty lady—as Krogstad pointed out to Ibsen's Nora. Perhaps, by the way, we are to detect the baleful influence of the "Master" in this incident. If so, nothing is safe from this deadly virus of "Ibsenism"—not even the wife of an idiot solicitor!

There is something in mere permanence which commands respect. I have never affected to regard the musical plays produced by Mr. George Edwardes as works of art; but they certainly have the quality of permanence. French Ministries come in and go out, Spain loses her colonies, Empresses are assassinated and Emperors visit the Holy Places, Czars issue Rescripts, the muzzling order is taken off in the Home Counties—but *A Greek Slave* at Daly's Theatre pursues the even tenor of its way, or at any rate the evenness of its tenor is only broken by the occasional need for renovated costumes. I sometimes suspect that it is the costume which settles the choice of these plays. Japanese costume gives great opportunities—and so we had *The Geisha Girl*. The peplum and the toga are effective—and so we have *A Greek Slave*. I see the subject of the next play is announced as "Chinese"—obviously another case of costume. Not that there is any pedantic nonsense about archæological correctness in these productions. At Baiæ, A.D. 90, Miss Marie Tempest contrives to wear the latest Parisian corset and to display those shoulders which make all the photograph-shops so pleasing to look into. And the gestures of Mr. Hayden Coffin are triumphantly "modern." For all his "classical" costume, one can see—in the mind's eye—his stiff stand-up collar. I confess I like to find these two singers together; neither of them has even a rudimentary idea of the histrionic art, the art of impersonation; but one has got used to them; they have become an institution. As for Miss Letty Lind—another unabashed "modern," another institution, too—can you imagine one of these queer productions without her? She dances so prettily, so daintily, so roguishly—what a pity that they make her sing! Then there is Mr. Rutland Barrington, the permanent and pleasing type of the clever, popular amateur. But they have a real droll at Daly's now in Mr. Huntley Wright, a gentleman whose face of pensive melancholy (rather like Mr. Martin Harvey's in Pelleas) is in delightful contrast to the grotesque Dan Leno-like absurdities of his speech.

A. B. W.

MUSIC.

MR. NEWLAND SMITH'S orchestra of strings transports us to the seventeenth century, when Lulli, musical conductor at the Paris Opera House, was also known as master of "*les violons du Roi*." But does anyone want to be taken back to that primitive period—when an orchestra consisted of "strings alone" only because there were no other available instruments to put into it? Towards the end of the eighteenth century the orchestra, still made up for the most part of strings, had been enriched by the addition of flutes, hautboys, clarionets, bassoons, and even (as in the score of *Don Juan*) trombones; and since the beginning of the present century new instruments of wood, brass and percussion have been constantly introduced, until, at last, thanks to Berlioz and to Wagner, the full concert orchestra became the many-voiced thing that we know in the present day. To deprive it of all its light and colour, its brilliancy and sonorousness

seems a mistake. But that is naturally the effect of reducing the modern orchestra to "strings alone."

On the other hand, Mr. Newlandsmith's thirty violinists play exceedingly well; and, confining themselves to pieces written for "strings alone," they have no need, it may be said, of the masses of brass and wood with which the orchestra has been strengthened and enriched in the course of the last two centuries. Whether the symphony in four movements presented at the second of Mr. Newlandsmith's concerts was really written for "strings alone" we cannot say. If so, its composer, Mr. Asgar Hamerik, need not have named it "Symphonie Spirituelle," for there is nothing "spiritual" in writing movement after movement of a symphony for an impoverished instead of an enriched body of players. If, on the other hand, the work in question was composed originally for a full orchestra, it is scarcely probable that any musician would ever have taken upon himself the responsibility of rearranging it. There are strange beings in this world; and it is just possible that Mr. Asgar Hamerik may have said to himself that, to secure delicate and subtle effects for his "spiritual" symphony, he could not do better than reject such coarse instruments as clarinets and bassoons, horns, trombones, and ophicleides.

Plenty of composers—including among English composers Mr. Frederic Cowen and Mr. J. F. Barnett—have written charming suites for an orchestra of violins. But these works derive much of their effect from the contrast they present to the sonorous pieces for full orchestra preceding and following them. A clever and interesting series of pieces for strings by Mr. Farjeon (a son of the esteemed novelist) was one of the novelties of Mr. Newlandsmith's second concert

The monotony of the perpetual "strings" was in some measure relieved by songs; and one of the singers, Mdlle. Amélia Révy, was much applauded for the perfect manner in which she first played on the violin the melody of Gounod's "Ave Maria" and afterwards sang it with the *obbligato* accompaniment executed by herself. This young lady, who comes from Pesth, has been the one successful *débutante* of the last few months; and her success has indeed been remarkable. She is a perfect vocalist and a perfect violinist; she is equally happy in the comic and in the tragic style; and she sings in five different languages—English, French, German, Italian, and Hungarian. Mdlle. Révy composes, too, both songs and pianoforte pieces in the Hungarian national style; and out of these varied talents she forms combinations and permutations frequently of a very striking kind. One of her most effective performances is the delivery on the concert platform, in Hungarian, of Santuzza's principal scene from *La Cavalleria Rusticana*, with appropriate gestures of the most dramatic kind. She sings, moreover, according to circumstances—or, it may be, some strange, unexplained principles of her own—Tosti in English, Donizetti in German, Schubert in French. That she possesses histrionic genius is shown by the fact that she cannot sing four bars without giving dramatic meaning both to the music and to the words.

Many of our concert-givers, now so numerous, feel evidently the necessity of offering to the wearied public novelty in some form or other. Harpsichords for harpsichord compositions, in lieu of the modern piano on which, in the present day, such music is usually played; the *Messiah* with the exact orchestration given to it by Handel before Mozart added to it the instruments of his own time; pianos of the same date and the same construction as those for which some particular composition was written—all these devices have been tried of late, and not without a certain success. "*Ritornamo all' antiquo*," they say with Verdi, who, in his eighty-sixth year, brought out his short *Stabat Mater* and his Hymns for the Church; both somewhat archaic and both announced for performance at the next concert of the Bach Choir.

THE COMING POPE.

THE recent illness of Leo XIII. has once more drawn the attention of the Italians to the future relations of the Papacy and the Italian kingdom; and this important question has received a further stimulus from the remarkable volume, entitled "Il Papa Futuro," which has just been published at Turin, and has already aroused a large amount of criticism in the Italian press. The anonymous author and his critics appear, however, to be agreed upon several points with regard to the personality, though not the policy, of Leo XIII.'s eventual successor. In Italy, at any rate, it is accepted as certain that the next occupant of the Vatican will be an Italian; and thus English and American Cardinals must still content themselves with the historic memory of Nicholas Breakspear, the one Anglo-Saxon who has ever been Pope. But it is recognised, on the other hand, that the non-Italian Cardinals, if they have no chance of election themselves, will turn the scale in favour of some Italian candidate. This was the case at the election of the present Pope in February, 1878, and since then the number of the non-Italian electors has been increased. In the majority of two-thirds, which is necessary to secure a valid election, their influence will, therefore, be decisive, and probably the Governments of their respective countries will, as of old, endeavour to direct this influence in favour of a candidate who is likely to prove a *persona grata* to the Great Powers. One or two names suggest themselves out of the thirty-one Italian Cardinals as being most likely to fulfil these conditions. At present the two favourite candidates appear to be Cardinal Luigi Oreglia, of Santo Stefano, and Cardinal Vannutelli Serafino. The former of these *Cardinali papabili*, as the Italians call them, is a Piedmontese, who is seventy-one years old and *doyen* of the Sacred College, of which he has been a member for over a quarter of a century. He has held a great number of high ecclesiastical offices, belongs to a noble family, and has had diplomatic experience in both Holland and Portugal. Moreover, in his capacity of Chamberlain of the Church, he would be called upon to direct its affairs during the so-called *novendiali*, or interregnum between the papal vacancy and the opening of the Conclave, and would thus have ample opportunities of furthering his candidature. His age, considered by some as a disadvantage, may perhaps be regarded rather as a point in his favour. Not a few Popes have been chosen because they were old. Leo XIII. was close upon sixty-eight when he was elected, and Pius IX. was nominated because he was infirm and delicate. Cardinal Vannutelli Serafino is six years younger, was born in the neighbourhood of Rome, and is at present bishop of the charming suburban town of Frascati, in the cathedral of which is the memorial to the Young Pretender. He, too, has been an important member of various ecclesiastical committees, and as a diplomatist has served at Munich, Brussels, and Vienna, as well as in Mexico, Ecuador, and Peru. He therefore knows a great deal about international politics, and is said to possess a large measure of prudence—a quality which, together with learning and piety, is (according to the ancient maxim) that which the electors to the Papacy seek especially in their candidates. And prudence is certainly more necessary than learning—we assume piety as a matter of course—in a Pope during this critical period of European history.

It is generally believed among Italians that the coming Pope will perforce continue the same policy towards the King as his two predecessors. That he will assume an aggressive line is most unlikely, because he would not be strongly supported by any large body of Italian Catholics, and would find little aid or encouragement in other Catholic countries. Austria-Hungary is the ally of King Umberto; Spain is too weak; France, "the eldest daughter of the Church," is no longer Clerical, and is drawing closer to

the kingdom of Italy. The German Emperor, even for the sake of the hundred Catholic votes of the Reichstag, would not break up the Triple Alliance by aiding in the restoration of the Temporal Power. On the other hand, the next Pope is not likely to accept the logic of facts, let byegones be byegones, and make his peace with the House of Savoy. It would be an immense benefit for Italy if he did so; but the policy of the Vatican is not, and will not soon be, a national and an Italian one. The successor of Leo XIII. is certain, by reason of his age, to be a man who was nurtured in the traditions of the old Italy which existed before 1870. At least another complete generation must pass before a Pope will arise to whom the days of the Temporal Power will be no more than any other piece of ancient history. That the anti-Italian policy of the last twenty-eight years has been a mistake even from the standpoint of the Vatican, is, indeed, clear to many Catholics themselves in Italy. If we contrast the extraordinary success of the Catholic party in Germany under the late Dr. Windthorst and his successors with the failure of the Clericals in Italy, we see at once how much more might have been gained for the Church had the Pope allowed his faithful followers to take part in Italian politics, instead of subscribing to the formula of *nè eletti, nè elettori*. As Italian Parliaments are constituted, a small but ~~compact~~ Catholic party might have easily made compacts with Governments in need of a majority similar to those which the Centre in the German Reichstag used to conclude with Prince Bismarck. It may have been a blessing for Italy that the Pope has not been sufficiently shrewd to follow this line; but, on the other hand, the long schism between the Quirinal and the Vatican is a source of great perplexity to patriots who are also strong Catholics, while it has lost to the Papacy the support of Catholics who are also strong patriots. If a formula could be devised which would create harmony between the two rival interests at Rome without injuring the feelings of the Pope or the sovereign rights of the King, it would be a great advantage as things now stand. The Vatican is the place whence clever formulas have ere now been evolved to suit the political conditions of the times. But it is significant that a Pope who has thrown himself on the side of the Republicans in France, who has sympathised with labour movements and at the same time endeavoured to reconcile them with the rights of employers, who is a strong monarchist in Spain, and who has framed a special encyclical for the needs of the United States, should yet have failed to discover any *modus vivendi* between Church and State in Italy.

We need hardly consider as probable the extreme policy advocated by the author of "Il Papa Futuro," for his critics in Italy have showed its absurdity. No one seriously supposes that the next Pope will leave Rome, or at least be elected outside the "Eternal City." Such a course was threatened in 1878; but the vigorous action of Signor Crispi, at that time Minister of the Interior, nipped it in the bud; and it is hardly conceivable that it will be adopted next time. A fresh "Babylonish Captivity" at Avignon, a residence in Malta, or a Papal Court in the tiny Principality of Liechtenstein are almost as absurd—though they have all been suggested—as the fantastic scheme, lately put forth by M. Monod, that the Pope should settle two questions at the same time, unite the Greek and Roman Churches and take up his position at Constantinople! There is no reason why a Pope who frankly made his peace with the Italian monarchy should not continue to share the Italian capital with the monarch to the general advantage of all parties. Rome is large enough for both, and the Pope who recognised it as the legitimate centre of the Civil Government would probably bulk larger in it than any "prisoner of the Vatican" has done. But such changes come slowly, and too much must not be expected from the next head of the Roman Church.

W. M.

REAL LIFE.

I HAVE since made inquiries about the woman of the story, and find that she is still alive, an excellent mother to an increasing family. She is a person of unfailing cheerfulness and capability, but in nowise recalls the little girl "with the clever face, and the humorous eyes that could be so scornful," whom the painter remembers.

He was very young indeed when he found, rather to his annoyance, that she had become necessary to his comfort. Despite his youth, he had hitherto been philosophic in matters of this kind, recognising that it is foolishness to care passionately for a thing one has even the smallest chance of obtaining. Now his philosophy deserted him, and he found himself capable of unsuspected tremors. He knew she was extremely fond of him, but he had always had a suspicion that there must be other people who liked her, and had been careful to avoid exact knowledge. He was afraid that she was rather too frankly fond of him to be anything more; and he was too wise to be greatly influenced—except momentarily, in the first flush of happiness—by little things, happening from time to time, that might have encouraged him. When he was most utterly conquered he drew back and refused to let himself see her for awhile. But in the end his affection triumphed, and a certain feeling for justice impelled him to confess how desirable she had become.

She took his proposal very charmingly, and her distress was more manifest than his own. She realised that nothing would be hereafter as things had been between them for a year and more, and she was loth to lose him. But he had been right in his forebodings. He told himself later that, after all, he had not broken the guiding rule of his life. He had desired her to an extent that disturbed his comfort only because the thing had been from the first—though for no reason that was very evident—a matter of impossibility.

Afterwards he went down to his studio overlooking the harbour, and mechanically got his palette and brushes, and began to play about at a canvas. He was pretty certain that he would forget all about it soon: his work had always interested him so. But for the present there was an unexpected sense of a sudden break in his life. He painted until the light went, and then strolled along to the billiard-room, where the men chiefly congregated at night. He played unusually well, and was in singularly high spirits. Later he announced that he was going to quit the village and take a studio which had been offered him in town.

He found the change pleasant at first. But there were nights when he took very roundabout ways in returning to his studio, and only sat up and smoked when he had reached it. His little folly, his one relinquishment of the ordinary attitude of self-control, had brought results that were more painful than he had thought they could be, and it was difficult to forget. He hated the west wind.

The years that followed were filled with many diverse occupations. He did not altogether fulfil his promise, and at times was conscious of the fact. But he was never seriously troubled, for he retained his youthfulness, and felt just as ridiculously young at thirty-five as he had done ten years earlier. It would all come later. He had quite lost sight of Muriel, and her name came back to him but rarely. He had never returned to the village, and the men who did had known nothing of his folly, and brought him no tidings of her. One or two women had crossed his path; he had learned that a man may get liking wherever he chooses; that love is a thing that one has to take, whether one desires it or not, and that it is usually a trouble.

He was too much at the little club, and wasted himself in conversation. In the old days he had never painted unless he felt himself compelled to do so, and yet had been always at his easel. Now he had never that sense of dammed-up waters that, for men

of his temperament, must precede the production of good work. He would do you an exquisitely graceful sketch, and his set pictures were delightful when he had merely laid them in. Afterwards they would cost him an infinity of labour, and end by degenerating into sticky masses of paint. His studio was full of canvases, as to which he would say, "I am going to paint that over again some day." Things interested him as keenly as they had ever done, and he had a perfect sense of their possibilities; but the interest was merely intellectual, and his only moments of real discontent were those in which he realised this fact, and remembered how keenly he once had felt.

It was in such a moment as this that he left the club early one night and drove quickly back to the studio. Sleep seemed to him the only remedy, and he went to bed without even opening his letters. It was much earlier than his usual hour, but he slept for awhile. Then he awoke and went from nap to nap—dreaming, as one does when one is only half-asleep—until his housekeeper called him to his breakfast. He remembered then that in a curiously vivid sort of way he had seemed in his dreams to meet a brother of Muriel's—an amiable person, who had detected everything at an early stage, and shown himself singularly well-disposed towards the artist. Amongst other things he had always been proud if he were asked to pose when he came into the studio to smoke a pipe; he had delighted in difficult postures, only admitting his fatigue when the need of his services was over. The artist smiled, remembering his good nature, and how his pride had sometimes led to an altogether unnecessary prolongation of a cruelly difficult pose. "By Jove!" he would say, "this is all very well for fun, but one wouldn't do it for money."

He had for some days been unable to work freely, and to-day it was the same. Again it seemed at night that sleep might be a remedy, and again he met with Muriel's brother. "'Tis a strange thing," he said in his dream, "but I dreamed of meeting you last night."

"Then one dream has come true!" said the other. "Muriel is somewhere hereabouts." In a moment the painter was alone with the girl he had loved—after his fashion—twelve years before.

She was utterly unchanged; he found her as he had left her. It was like one of those returns of which he had been wont to dream during the first few years after his coming to London, and the things which happened were just what might have befallen had he ever gone back. They had been very young then, and now they had still their youth. Quite recently his tailor had sent him a new coat, which had struck him as unusually well cut. In his dream he was wearing it, and one of Muriel's first remarks was "A new coat? I like it!" She had been wont to treat him more or less as if he belonged to her in those old days, and the exclamation was the most natural in the world.

He still realised that his hopes must lack fulfilment, but there was no bitterness in the thought: Muriel was so sorrowful at this unhappy accident which had come between them, and he so glad to get back to her. He got from her the kiss of farewell he had missed in real life, and then he went away from her with little in his heart that was not contentment.

He awoke, and at first he was mainly struck by the fact that a dreamer should have remembered the dream of yesterday during the dream of to-day. But soon he forgot the brother and all the other once-familiar people he had met again that night, and thought only of Muriel and her nearness. He knew that he must speak of it if he were in company of a friend, and so he made up his mind to work all day in solitude.

He worked with a new ease and dexterity, and the thing came clean and untortured. He was quietly contented with himself, and yet he could have wished it was not all so easy. He found himself almost too conscious of the thing he desired, too swift to discern the method by which it might be attained. He dined alone at a little *café* which had not yet been discovered and ruined. He returned to the studio early, and saw that his work was good. Then he slept, and went again to meet Muriel.

I fancy that she never leaves him now: that his dreams do not depend on sleep or darkness. Everyone knows how it has gone with his work: to what a mastery he has attained in these last years. Only his friends, who love him, realise how utterly he is beyond need of them, or even of his art. He is living real life at last, and is the happiest man I have known. He is continually within sight of a desirable goal he will never reach; he has never absolutely taken hold on that which he seeks, but his heart will never be broken, for to the end of his life it will still be unattained.

If it were only possible, I would give much to know what are the dreams of that "capable and cheerful" mother of a family. It may be that she also has her experiences, and with her there may be regrets.

H. D. LOWRY.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MR. BALFOUR'S PLAN.

SIR,—Mr. Balfour's plan for a Roman Catholic University, fenced round with safeguards for freedom of thought, and against clerical control, no doubt appeals to the sympathies of a considerable number of Englishmen—Liberal as well as Conservative. But his letter to Mr. Orrell, published last week, avowedly refrained from touching the educational objections to the proposal, and it is these that I wish to insist upon here.

Roman Catholics, as everyone knows, insist that all secular teaching should be permeated and controlled by religious influence. To those who know nothing of the practical work of education this seems laudable. In practice, however, it leads to a most categorical kind of teaching, which leaves very little room for the free play of the student's opinion. Yet surely the object of all higher education is to teach men and women to think for themselves. Now, outsiders have not much opportunity of judging of the results of Roman Catholic education; but still, during a good many years spent in teaching, I have come across some illustrations. I have seen a text-book in political economy for the use of Catholic students which provided them with a ready-made opinion on every subject that could possibly be dragged into the lectures, down to the unwholesomeness of canned meats. I have known a Roman Catholic schoolmaster seek Oxford men to help him in giving a liberal education to Catholic boys. "Without it," he wrote, "they must remain a pack of intellectual cripples." I rather think his enterprise failed. I have been told by the senior tutor of an Oxford College, to which some Roman Catholics used to come in spite of the priesthood, that they did not seem able to find out anything for themselves. I have heard of a case of a 'vert from Catholicism—a man of some position and intellectual pretensions—who sought to become a clergyman of the Church of England. He did not, of course, require to be re-ordained, but he was required to pass the Bishop's examination, or some modification of it. The Bishop's Chaplain (a very learned man, who told me the story) offered to examine him in S. Thomas Aquinas, or in any other standard Catholic theologian or philosopher. He could offer none. He had read nothing but compendia. "And as for the Bible History Paper you set," he said, "Cardinal Newman or Cardinal Manning might have done it, but I am sure no other Catholic could." Now surely, on purely secular grounds, even an Atheist or an Agnostic cannot afford to neglect Old Testament history.

In short, the teaching in secular subjects which English Catholics get at College seems—as far as we outsiders can judge—very limited and very positive. The teaching of Honours candidates at Oxford is just the reverse: very wide and very open. A man may say what he likes (if he says it like a gentleman) to his tutor, or in his examination papers. He may keep his tutor up to 1 a.m. if he chooses, arguing over points raised in his essays. It is good exercise and good moral discipline for both parties; but would Roman Catholic teachers be so tolerant?

Now, I am quite aware that Roman Catholic Universities on the Continent—even Clerical Louvain—do good work and advance knowledge. So do some English Roman Catholics. But then, even in Louvain, the University is professorial, not tutorial; the residential halls there are falling into decay; the students live in lodgings, go to professors' lectures, and have nothing like the close personal intercourse with their teachers which we know at Oxford. Moreover, there are not (I believe) degree examinations in the sense in which we have them. A few men take their doctor's degree, but the subject is approved by the Minister of Education. The Government controls the

instruction, and the examinations which are the gates of the professions are Government affairs.

Contrast this with the English and Irish system. You will have collegiate life, regular tutorial teaching, systematic preparation for examinations of Catholics by Catholics, and no systematic State control. How can you be sure that the education will be worth your paying for it?

Moreover, no public money is to be devoted to the endowment of chairs in theology, philosophy, or modern history because Catholic teaching of those subjects is distrusted by non-Catholics. But, surely, to endow a University in which there are those chairs is to enable that teaching to be given under the sanction of the English people. Nobody worth mentioning could object to Lord Acton, or even to a less Liberal Catholic, holding a Professorship of Modern History at Oxford or Cambridge; and if he were to take an unfavourable view (say) of the English Reformation *on the evidence*, he might find some very distinguished non-Catholic supporters. But I do think we, who believe in the search for truth and in free criticism, are entitled to say that we will not help to establish an institution in which a man shall take that view because he is paid to do so.

Of course, if Ireland is to be governed *from Westminster* according to Irish ideas, you may justify the concession to her of an institution which runs counter to our English principles of higher education. So you might justify the recognition of the Mohammedan sacred law in the Soudan. But as Liberals and Home Rulers, we believe that she is to apply her Irish ideas herself. And, considering that no Liberal would dream of subsidising a Church of England University College out of State funds—Mr. Acland, indeed, refused to let King's College, London, share in a Government grant because it is denominational—I cannot see how Liberals, who are pledged to make English education sound and undenominational, can approve of setting up a system in Ireland which is likely to be very much the reverse.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. S. M.

VENICE.

THOU hast no poet, Venice; that rich theme
Which glows upon thy walls no tongue expressed;
It woke not Petrarch from his courtly dream,
And never to thy havens of kind rest
Crept the great exile; France's lovestruck son
Sang but thy story of love's light distress,
Nor Byron learnt from thy proud passionate stone
The patience of a mightier loneliness.
Bride of the sea that hast no bridal song—
The whisper of his soft wave's adoration,
The breeze that loved and served and made thee strong,
The lustre of thine island-constellation,
Tell how great deeds are dumb and shine like thee
Set in the waters of eternity.

H. A. A. C.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

Recent Poetry and Views of Poetry.—I.

"LAMB it was, I think, who suggested this subject." . . . "Our deliberations have never been resumed." The reader, if he knows his Hazlitt as he ought, will recognise the opening and closing words of the essay on "Persons One would wish to have Seen." And if he has ever weighed the suggestion, either for Lamb's sake or on its own merits, he will have taken up the adjourned deliberation and continued it in his own mind; while walking, perhaps, or in the quiet of his own study. Into my own attempts to continue it the ghost of John Keats has once or twice obtruded itself. And it has occurred to me that, were Keats allowed for our unmerited gratification to revisit the glimpses of the moon, I would take heart (after the interviewers had blunted the edge of his resentment) to present myself and say, "Sir, before you go back to shades of underground, you will do many of us a genuine service by taking your divine 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' and entirely rewriting the last stanza, which as it stands is—if one of the warmest of your admirers may say so much—somewhat flat emotionally, and in thought more than a little foolish."

It opens with a verbal jingle—"O Attic shape! Fair attitude!"—which is not indeed a pun, yet is too disastrously like a pun to leave us in any doubt that if Keats had given a moment's care to reading over what he had written he would have run his pen through it with a blush for the narrow escape. I take this blemish for an indication, if not proof positive, that the stanza was listlessly or wearily composed. But as a fault this verbal ineptitude will hardly compare with the ineptitude of thought in the closing lines. The Urn—a silent form, "cold pastoral"—is to outlast our generation and remain,

> in midst of other woe
> Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
> "*Beauty is truth, truth beauty*"—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Doubtless it is all a Grecian Urn needs to know—that is, if the inverted commas are accurately placed, and if the aphorism means anything; which I doubt. But it is certainly not all that man knows or needs to know on earth; and it is hard to see how the Urn fulfils the office of a friend to man by encouraging him to muddle together two conceptions which—Heaven knows—he is apt enough to muddle already.

If beauty were truth, truth beauty, this world might possibly be a happier place, and would certainly enjoy the advantage of getting along with a smaller vocabulary. If beauty were truth, truth beauty, then the sun would be daylight, and an umbrella the shade it casts, and a bowler the ball he delivers, and a batsman the drive to the boundary, and any force any one of its manifestations. Beauty—with all respect for Keats be it said—is not truth, though it proceeds from truth; and the importance to any artist of keeping this simple distinction in mind can hardly be over-estimated. For the authentic business of all art is and always has been to pursue directly not after truth but after beauty. In this business it may—nay, inevitably must—come upon truth: but the condition upon which it will handle truth is that the truth be beautiful. And of poetry in particular this was exquisitely said, the other day, by Mr. William Watson:—

> Forget not, brother singer! that though Prose
> Can never be too truthful or too wise,
> Song is not Truth, not Wisdom, but the rose
> Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes.

The mischief of neglecting this ancient but now unpopular axiom may be illustrated by very high examples indeed—by "Paradise Lost," for instance. When Milton wrote

> Nor think, though men were none,
> That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
> Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
> All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
> Both day and night. How often from the steep
> Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
> Celestial voices to the midnight air,
> Sole or responsive to each other's note,
> Singing their great Creator!—

and the rest of that glorious passage, his mind was intent (as any man who cares to consider must see) on beauty; and if on truth, on truth only as manifested in beauty. And the result is divine poetry. But when the affable Raphael begins to explain the digestive processes of the supernatural stomach—

> food alike those pure
> Intelligential substances require
> As doth your rational; and both contain
> Within them every lower faculty
> Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
> Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
> And corporeal to incorporeal turn. . .

—Milton is thinking, not of beauty, or of truth conditioned by beauty, but almost exclusively of truth itself (or what he took to be truth); just as, in

other speeches which he put into the mouths of the very highest authorities, he was intent, not on beauty, but on hammering home certain theological doctrines which he took to be true. I am not concerned here with the unhappy fact that the instructive angel did not escape some scientific "howlers"—for instance, in asserting that the sun

> that light imparts to all, receives
> From all his alimental recompense
> In humid exhalation.

For that is no danger peculiar to art, but lies in wait for the too-dogmatic along every path in life. It only concerns my argument that when Milton dragged forward his intellectual convictions and forgot that even truth for poetical purposes must first of all be beautiful, he wrote resounding lines but inferior poetry: and that in consequence the inequality of "Paradise Lost" is only less amazing than the winged splendour of its greater passages.

Now for poets who are lesser men than Milton, and have not his sorrowful advantage of an eye perforce turned inward upon the soul, but walk the earth alertly observant of its phenomena, the danger of postponing beauty to truth, whether beautiful or ugly, lies in this: that they are apt to mistake "truth" (as Mr. Arthur Symons wisely put it the other day, though he happened to be talking about novelists) for mere likeness to appearances, and mere likeness to appearances for truth. And this mistake, it seems to me, really resides at the bottom of an exceedingly clever discourse on "Pre-Shakespearianism" which Mr. Davidson contributed to this paper a fortnight ago. "All the woe of the world," proclaimed Mr. Davidson, "is to be uttered at last. Poetry has been democratised. . . . It must all out. The poet is in the street, the hospital. He intends to let the world know that it is out of joint. He will not let it alone. . . . The newspaper is one of the most potent factors in moulding the character of contemporary poetry. Perhaps it was first of all the newspaper that couched the eyes of poetry. . . . Tennyson and Browning are Shakespearian. The prismatic cloud that Shakespeare hung out between poets and the world! . . . The woman in unwomanly rags, and all the insanity and iniquity of which she is the type, will now be sung. Poetry will concern itself with her and hers for some time to come. The offal of the world is being said in statistics, in prose fiction; it is, besides, going to be sung."

Now my answer to that prediction demands some little courage, because it can be so easily misrepresented. When I answer (as I do) that if poetry be going to sing of these things she must first of all discover the beauty in them and sing of them for the sakeof that discovered beauty—why, nothing is easier, I know, than to cry me down for a fool optimist, and no cry is more likely to commend itself to men in their present attitude towards art and especially towards all art which expresses itself in words. I am not—pardon me—as a matter of fact such an ass as to deny or be blind for a moment to the beauty which inhabits human suffering. I do indeed believe, as I am out of the vogue in believing, that human joy contains more beauty. But that is a question to be settled by actual discovery, and for our present purpose the question of less and more needs not to be considered. For the present, my single contention—which I hope to amplify in another paper—is that if "the offal of the world is going to be sung," poetry, to be faithful to herself, must sing it for the sake of some beauty she disinters from it, and not for the sake of accurately cataloguing or truthfully describing offal.

And at this point I break off for the while, leaving a question for the reader to perpend. If the primary purpose of Poetry be to state truth irrespective of delight, why are all her methods—her language, melodies, rhythms—fashioned primarily and so carefully to convey delight?

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

FROM BEOWULF TO ALFRED AND THE CONQUEROR.

English Literature from the Beginning to the Norman Conquest. By Stopford A. Brooke. London: Macmillan & Co.

THAT immortal forgery, half nonsense, but not wholly uninspired, which went by the name of "Ossian" a hundred and thirty years ago, was a landmark which announced that in literature the eighteenth century had come to an end. Classical, artificial, well-dressed verse, fit for the *petits soupers* of very fine and rather shallow gentlemen in wigs, and wearing their small swords and their snuff-boxes with equal elegance, had been suddenly caught up in a whirlwind, tossed out beyond Morven into the wild Atlantic, and left to sink or swim in the misty waves over which flitted the ghosts of heroes. Ever since, though not precisely by reason of "Fingal," a keen delight has been growing in the search and the conquest of primeval literatures. The true Ossian—so much as remains of him and his school—has come to light. The treasure of frost and fire in Icelandic saga and Northern lay is only just within our grasp, not all even yet so construed as that modern tongues shall make it known to the many. The Nibelungs and their horde have made the round of Europe. The French "Chansons de Geste," too numerous for any one mortal to read or study, and counting their million lines, are, at all events, accessible when we want them, and some are celebrated with due knowledge of their contents. What we used to describe as Anglo-Saxon literature is also not without honour even in its own country. And Mr. Stopford Brooke has almost persuaded us that it deserves to take its place in the library of the world with poems and prose of a loftier genius.

Looking back, one remembers thinking that Old English was rather dull, monotonous, lacking in colour and movement. "The creeping Saxon," says a Welsh proverb; and its lines did keep, one fancied, very close to the ground. Icelandic is a hero-tale of daring, a song of gods and giants, a mythology or an apocalypse. But the Saxon, what could it boast of? We were a little unjust. Mr. Brooke has convinced those who listen, whether he speaks in great volumes or in a small one like the present, that English before William the Conqueror did break forth into some of those rills and streams which have later swelled into the mighty current that is now bearing us and the world along with it. Perhaps, had his argument not been so strong, he would still have persuaded us. A refined, delicate, scholarly tone, never jangling or jarring on the most sensitive—a breath of poesy in all his sentences, and these admirable for their pure diction and tenderness of feeling—would commend even a hazardous theme. Mr. Brooke is that wonder in life and letters—the Celt pleading for the Saxon. Or, let us say more truly that he keeps in view the whole prospect, wide as it is, over which our reasoning, if it is to be sound, should take its observation. There is now an English literature second to none, either of the ancient classic time, or of ages since. How did it spring up? What are its origins? This book of beauty and scholarship tells us. But we dream while we read, and often forget the teaching as we follow out in our own minds the associations which it evokes. No higher praise can be given to an author. It is the office of the poet to stimulate, to please, to enchant. With his translations, exact and choice and musical; with his criticism, as penetrating as it is considerate; with his sketches of the men themselves, Cynewulf, Bede, Dunstan, Alfred, this maker of a school-text, for he pretends to be no more, has the art of lifting us to ideal regions. "Omne tulit punctum," says the critical Roman. How much is this manner of writing to be preferred in comparison with that of some professors—and they not unlearned—whom we could name!

When the early literatures were dug out of their caves or lake-dwellings, anthropology was, most of it, conjecture. We know little even now, but enough to perceive that in Western Europe, and especially in these islands, the elements which go to make up literature and to account for its peculiar features are as ancient as they are manifold. In his first chapter—a lucid exposition—Mr. Brooke touches on the men of the Stone Age, from whom we may have inherited some of our folk-lore, fairy glamour, and magic illusions. He passes on to the Celts—the Gaels, the Brythons, the Armoricans, another wide-spreading host, which had its legends, histories, ballads—the people of Cuchulainn and King Arthur and Morgan le Fay. From these our friend, the "creeping Saxon," learnt much, at Glastonbury in the west, at Jarrow and Lindisfarne in the north. He was made a Christian by their saints, Aidan and the other disciples of Columba; he went to school at their universities, in Iona, Bangor, and Lismore. He married into their tribes along the border, from Cornwall to the Irish Sea, and from Mercia to the Firth of Clyde. He took 150 years to conquer the Welshmen; and was then himself conquered by their bards, their monks, their kindred of the Isles, and the religion which, in those days, always brought in its train the Latin classics and a new view of the world's history. Though his imagination might be heathen still, its range was widened; it found a loftier object; and the Bible gave it a fresh chord to its lyre. Old Saxon, before it touched the shores of Britain, was a provincial dialect, possessing the mythology which was common to its Teutonic ancestors. When it became English and Christian, it did not fail to learn from the Celt, who had, in his turn, taken over the vast stores of poetry, the inspiration, which he discovered among prehistoric peoples and translated into an Aryan tongue. All this appears to be demonstrable; and, in the main, Mr. Brooke would have us accept it as true.

When we talk of the Celtic spirit—a thing so real, but so hard to define—there will always be room for controversy. But the stubborn facts remain. "Ireland in the sixth century," says our author, giving proofs, "had a plentiful literature in her own tongue and a great school of learning; and the learning and the literature were brought to the west coast of Scotland by Columba in 563." Again, "From his monastery, where Irish poetry was loved and honoured, Northumbria, after Paullinus's flight, was evangelised by Irish-speaking, Irish-hearted monks; and all the elements of religion and devotion which move and pierce the soul most deeply, and which through the soul develop the imagination, came to the northern English, and indeed into a great part of Mercia and Anglia, through the Irish spirit." Whence, he concludes, "It is scarcely possible to deny that this had some effect, and perhaps not a small one, on the growth in Northumbria of a larger imagination, and of a love of natural description, such as we do not find elsewhere in early English poetry." Moreover, even after the Synod of Whitby in 664, "the Irish influence, though lessened as an ecclesiastical, remained as an intellectual and literary power. Shoals of Irish scholars came to Northumbria, and numbers of English went to Ireland to drink the wine of knowledge, to read and love the Irish tales and songs." Mr. Brooke is also of opinion that "the steady tendency in Northumbria towards the making of religious poetry in the vernacular rather than in Latin was owing to the Irish influence." To this, finally, may have been due the preservation of "Beowulf" in the north, and the poetising of the "Saga stories of the Old Testament" in the early "Genesis," in "Exodus," and in "Judith," of which this volume gives an admirable account.

Here, then, we meet the names, historically significant as "makers" in the English first period, of Cædmon, Cynewulf, Bede, Aldfrith, and Dunstan, in every one of whom the Celtic strain may be heard. Who was the author of "Beowulf"? We do not know. But he was a Northern, acquainted with sea-sorrows, full of the old adventurous passion, at home in war and tempest. Cynewulf seems greater, though his achievement was less; he had "the shaping and surprising imagination of a true poet"; and if the "Riddles" are his which Mr. Brooke attributes to him, this quality of an almost Wordsworthian feeling for Nature was granted the Saxon singer long before we should have expected it in a literature so rude. The fifty pages in which we learn what is known or probable concerning this Yorkshire poet abound in felicitous and sympathetic observation.

We wish it were allowed us to dwell on the beautiful little monograph—it deserves to be reprinted or issued in some way as a Life—which deals with King Alfred, his writings and his character. As becomes a learned text, Mr. Brooke spells his Old English names by the card, with their diphthongs or their abrupt feminine terminations. But we shall always know them in the vulgar, which is here the sacred, form—Alfred and Hilda, and Ethelfleda and Edward. This chapter, sketching the Wessex hero, is very fine, and as pathetic as the story of Beowulf himself, who lived and died a lonely champion, setting his honour above all earthly dooms. Another story, which it is time the English people took to their hearts, is that of Dunstan, the royal, imaginative, pure and romantic genius, who caught the flame of the spirit at Glastonbury, reformed a kingdom, and has been cruelly disfigured by the ignorance of ages not so accurate or impartial as our own. We must not end without calling attention to the splendid version of the "Battle of Brunanburh," made by Lord Tennyson and here reprinted; and the hardly less spirited rendering of the "Battle of Maldon," by Miss Kate Warren. Our last word is to those who care not a straw for any old literature. Let them read Mr. Brooke as a modern; they will find him delightful.

THE REAL D'ARTAGNAN.

MEMOIRS OF MONSIEUR D'ARTAGNAN, CAPTAIN-LIEUTENANT OF THE 1ST COMPANY OF THE KING'S MUSKETEERS. Now for the first time Translated into English by Ralph Nevill. Part I.—The Cadet. London: H. S. Nichols.

How much of D'Artagnan really belongs to Dumas? Not his story, for that belongs first to history, and then to Courtily de Sandras. Not his particular temper, *insouciant* and gasconading, for that, too, is in Sandras, who knew it to be the *esprit de corps* of the King's Musketeers; and, in fact, the traditional temper of such gentlemen of France under Louis XIV. and long before that. Not the inimitable three who were his companions, and whose names have so much the air of being a pure Dumas creation; for they were imitated, too, first from life, and then from Courtily again. Indeed, when one has conned anew, with something less than one's first boyish faith in him, the engaging preface which Dumas wrote for his "Trois Mousquetaires," it is easy to read in it something of the same spirit of the pen that D'Artagnan had of the sword. Dumas did D'Artagnan so well because he was a kind of D'Artagnan himself. Fate, history, Courtily de Sandras helped to create the character, real and ideal; but it still needed one thing to give it its last "send," and make the character absolutely live in romance. That one thing Dumas could give, for it was some part of himself, and came of the coincidence in him of a common temperament.

The account he renders of his prodigious researches after original documents in the *Bibliothèque royale*, and then of discovering the *manuscrit-in-folio, cote sous le no.* 4772 *ou* 4773, entitled "Mémoire de M. le Comte de la Fère," etc., is of course but another congenial stroke of romance. Beyond the so-called memoirs by Courtily, which already took every liberty the historical romancer is accustomed

to, Dumas troubled to do as little as possible in the way of getting fresh colours out of actual history. He did not even trouble to correct Courtily in making D'Artagnan commence some fifteen years earlier than he did in reality. Dumas, who was fond of dates, presents his hero as already a *Don Quixote à dix huit ans in* 1625. The real D'Artagnan was born in 1623, and could not, therefore, save in the free chronology of romance, step on to the stage of Paris when Richelieu and Louis XIII. were enacting their high comedy of state. And so one might trace a score and more of Dumas' anachronisms to his ingenious predecessor, who, to do him justice, had couched his preface to "D'Artagnan" in terms that allowed a bigger loophole than did that of Dumas for the escape of the original documents the reader is asked to believe in. Courtily is magnificently vague in his suggestion of these things. "All I will urge," he says, "is that the materials left me are as much to blame in case of failure as myself," or rather, he adds, "let me say, as a proof of real sincerity, that the material I have made use of is very valuable in itself, and that perhaps I may be found to have made none too bad a use of it."

However, it is worth note that, though one cannot put much faith in the autograph fragments which Courtily would have us believe he discovered in the papers of the real D'Artagnan, he was more than once, in France and Holland, in his immediate neighbourhood, and was actually, by all we gather, not far away from D'Artagnan at his death in 1673, at the siege of Maestricht. It was this, probably, that gave him the idea of claiming special access to the private remains of his hero. But whether or no, the real advantage of Courtily as a pseudo-chronicler lay in his being near enough in time to D'Artagnan to be able to collect at first hand all that contemporary gossip could afford of his doings, real and exaggerated, along with the famous three, and the rest of that gallant company. This gives a quality to this book by Courtily, a certain feeling, not only that the reality which is the basis of all first-rate romance lies close underneath the histrionic colours, but that the invented parts are well in keeping with the rest.

The autobiographical form used by Courtily de Sandras, and his lack of the art of dialogue in fiction, which Dumas carried to such an artful pitch, are enough in themselves to give his Memoirs a very different outward effect to "The Three Musketeers." Nothing in the way of the development of the literary methods of the French tale-tellers in verse and prose, from Chrestien de Troyes to M. Zola, is more interesting than the comparison of the methods of Sandras and Dumas. Take the episode (amazingly unsavoury in the former) of the meeting of Aramis and D'Artagnan with the two Englishmen, and note what it becomes in the latter's setting. Better still, take for comparison the whole business of the "Milédi ——" episode, to which the deliberation of Sandras' narrative manner lends itself particularly well. One might quote a passage or so of this episode in Mr. Nevill's translation, as a sample of the Memoirs in their present form, but for Sandras' seventeenth-century license and delight in intrigue. So we return to an earlier passage, full of colour, where intrigue is still the theme, but which we quote here because it realises the petty life of the Paris that both de Courtily and D'Artagnan knew so intimately.

> The innkeeper, meanwhile, had been watching on the other side of the street, just opposite the door. His nose was enveloped in a scarlet mantle, which he had specially bought at an old-clothes shop to better disguise himself with. I saw him distinctly, although he was on a doorstep, but as I thought him by this time more than ten leagues away, and as the mantle disguised him so well that one would have had to have been a magician to recognise him, nothing was further from my thoughts than any idea of its being he. Consequently, I entered the alley in which was his house in his very sight, and as he recognised me a good deal better than I him, he was delighted to see himself so close upon the moment for which he had waited.

It will be easily inferred from this passage that the seventeenth-century prose of Sandras moves at a pace very unlike the rapid gallop of Dumas. But in its way it is good, and though Mr. Nevill in his rendering is sometimes more slovenly than is necessary, he gives us on the whole a very fair English equivalent to these Memoirs of the romantic *doppelgänger* of the real D'Artagnan.

DEMOCRACY AND ALTRUISM.

GOVERNMENT AND DEMOCRACY, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By John Jay Chapman. London: David Nutt.

THIS book is a really impressive and valuable contribution to ethical and political science. Unlike a good many philosophers, the author compels attention. The style is that of Emerson, intensified. The manner is that of a man carried on by a rapid current of thought, and bursting out with his conclusions. Some of the essays might be cut up into aphorisms, and there would be a very small remainder. Mr. Chapman is a Transcendentalist, working backwards from the phenomena of life and society to principles got by intuition. He repudiates a merely inductive sociology, scouts professed philosophers—Mr. Herbert Spencer in particular—and declares that "the whole raft of English scientists" are incompetent outside their narrow specialities. At the same time, his observations prove that he is a singularly skilled and acute observer, who can set forth in extraordinarily vigorous and stimulating language the present state of democracy in America, and who exhibits a concise comprehension of its essential features which has been attained by very few observers indeed.

The book, as we have said, begins with observation and works back to theory. It is Mill's "inverse deductive method" with the principles got from intuition rather than from induction, and the results put with a force and a conciseness which the professed sociologist can seldom reach. But, stated briefly, the gist of the book is this. Man is essentially unselfish; in the full development and activity of his nature he achieves unselfishness. But his activity is narrowed by attention to his personal gratifications. Now it so happens that the citizens of the United States have had their activity thus narrowed—incidentally, we may say—by the great epoch of money-making through which the country has passed since the War of Secession. The process is described and illustrated in a remarkably graphic and effective manner in the first of the essays which compose the book. Opportunities of becoming rich have been plentifully offered in America by circumstances, in the first instance, rather than by the deliberate temptations devised by human corrupters. But capitalists and public companies, or their agents, have come to appeal directly to the desires of wealth thus developed, and now bribe directly, capturing first one party, then the other. Their control is assisted by the superstition of party loyalty, which is stronger in the United States than anywhere else. The citizens who are not directly corrupted are either indirectly corrupted—that is, it becomes their interest for some reason or other to tolerate the corrupting agencies—or they are absorbed in making money themselves, honestly enough it may be, and so have no time to interfere. Hence the power of the machine and the Boss, and the curious inversion in practice of the theory of American democracy. Power in it is supposed to start from the electors in the "primary meetings" which nominally choose candidates. In reality, of course, the primaries are packed by the Boss. To the same narrowing influences Mr. Chapman traces the defects in American education, culture, and social intercourse. Now to fight this selfishness by appealing to selfishness is useless. It is futile to combat Tammany Hall by bribery, or even to subsidise a good Government club for the promotion of Mr. Seth Low's candidature for the Mayoralty of Greater New York. The real remedy is agitation,

argument, action. There are encouraging signs that this course is succeeding in the field of municipal reform. And the value of democratic government is just this—that it emphasises the need of that development of activity which brings out the true nature of man. That is to say, when men narrow their aims to their personal interests, democracy, alone among forms of government, displays their deficiency in a glaring light. We are familiar with the argument for popular government that "each man is the best judge of his own interest." But in Mr. Chapman's view a democracy of each for himself is bound to fall. The value of the democratic government is that it shows that each man *must* look, not after himself, but after the whole.

This truth, that all-round development is unselfishness, is brought out in the third essay, which is a really effective disengagement of Froebel's meaning from the technical form in which it was couched by Froebel himself. We have, unfortunately, no space to give the argument, and we feel that any summary must do Mr. Chapman injustice. His book is bracing, stimulating, not weakly optimist, but honestly "meliorist." We do not think, however, that his criticisms on Mr. Herbert Spencer, for instance, are quite fair. The division of affections into altruistic and egoistic is really only a matter of convenience, as is the division of the mind into faculties. No doubt there is a great danger in either case of attributing objective reality to these divisions, but we can trust the philosophers to warn us against the more recent danger as they have abundantly done against the earlier. Nobody is likely now to derive man's social instincts from his "selfish" instincts; the mere social animal, the unit in the horde, is only called selfish or self-regarding by an anachronism due to the inadequacy of language. There is surely no "self-regard" till there is a developed consciousness of self "as a subject of interests to be pleased," as T. H Green has it. Mr. Chapman's great merit here is that he says in a striking and pointed way what modern scientific sociologists say less effectively.

We feel that this is an inadequate summary of a very remarkable book—a book which not merely gives pause to the critics of democracy in America and elsewhere, but urges in incisive and stimulating phrase the claims of civic and social duty;—which insists, too, on that moral need for all-round development which the conditions of modern society make us only too apt to forget. We wish we could think that England entirely deserves the following eulogium (p. 127):—

> The English, who gave us all we know of freedom, have been the first to understand its meaning. They, too, have suffered during the last century from the ravages of plutocracy, from the disease of commerce. But they had behind them the intellectual heritage of the world. They had bulwarks of education, philanthropy, thought, training, ambition, enthusiasm, the ideals of man. It was these things, this reservoir of spiritual power, that turned the tide of commercialism in England, and not, as we so cheaply imagine, her leisure class. The men and women who in the last ten years have taken hold of the Municipality of London and now work like beavers in its reform are not rich. Some of them may be rich, but the force that makes them toil comes neither out of riches nor out of poverty, but out of a discovery as to the use of life. These Englishmen have outlived the illusions of business. As towards them we are like children.

At any rate, it is well to have such an ideal set before us. But Mr. Chapman's study of contemporary American democracy is even better worth reading than the passage we have quoted.

THROUGH ARCTIC LAPLAND.

THROUGH ARCTIC LAPLAND. By Cutcliffe Hyne. London: A. & C. Black.

THIS book runs a luminous streak of light through a little traversed tract of Lapland, from Varanger Fjord to the Gulf of Bothnia. Crossing the Fjord from Vardö, the travellers touched the Lapp coast at Jarfjord. Thence the route ran by Boris Gleb and Neiden Elo to Lake Enare, a "huddle of land patches isolated by water," which the travellers count 120 miles long and 3,500 square miles area. West of Enare they crossed the smaller lakes of Muddusjärvi and Menesjärvi, bordered by wooded hills. Next, through a Herder Lapps camp, and a region of waste quagmires and horrid flies, the travellers reached Kittila, and thence, by post-carts and river-ferries, the sea. The land of the route is altogether a most dismal, gaunt, barren level, blank of game and singing-birds, void of hostelries and human entertainment. In summer the whole region is tormented by a plague of mosquitoes passing description.

The book is racy reading. Hardly a page but has its sensation—sensation of Nature, not of sensation-mongers. Among the notable records of the road we learn how, in those Arctic latitudes, extreme cold and savagery of Nature may lie next door to summer warmth and profusion of flowers. Running the Varanger coast, the travellers, cased in leather coat and slop-chest oilskins, shivered blue. Their entry into Jarfjord was through a huddle of glacier-worn rocks, a great mountain in their midst, all utterly sterile and mantled in snow down to the water's edge; no image visible but of extreme savagery and desolation. Yet less than twelve miles inland the travellers were brushing their way through slender birches, the songs of linnets streaming through the foliage on either hand. Under the trees were oak ferns and bracken, and in the open meads buttercups, pansies, cow parsley, forget-me-nots, wild pelargonium, ranunculi, bright pink campions, cranberries, etc. The comely woods were musical with birds. The tinkle of cow bells could be heard. Eye and ear were alike enchanted.

At Boris Gleb on the Pasvik, not far from its discharge into Varanger Fjord, a grand religious immersion is celebrated every year on January 6th (18th). For a week beforehand the Lapps come straggling into the sacred place. On the great day, in the depth of Arctic gloom and the severity of Arctic rigour, there may be seen, filing out of the warm, lamp-lit houses into the sepulchral snow, a long procession of men and women, naked all but for a single linen shirt in which each is sheeted, and all barefoot. The sheeted "ghosts" then pace three times round the spectral church, solemnly chanting; the weird light of candles and torches flaring in the wind, and the aurora borealis streaming overhead. The procession then makes for the frozen river, in the iced roof of which a hole has been dug. By a woollen scarf wound round his (or her) armpits, the priest's attendants take hold of the first victim and souse him (or her) into the black water beneath the ice—once, twice, thrice. After they have all enjoyed the threefold immersion, the freezing procession wends back into the houses to get thawed.

The encounter with the nomad Herder Lapps wafts to the reader an air out of a most primitive stage of life. Marie, the nomad Lapp girl, is short, squat, round, waddling in gait, yet thoroughly good-natured and not unpleasant as a companion in the wild solitude, so be there is a fair breeze blowing and you keep well to windward of her. She is able to thread the waste, with the instinct of a bird, to any distant point, nor deviate (unless where necessary) an inch from bee line, and without a thought of hesitation; and at the end of a forty miles' tramp she will be as fresh as at the outset. Having guided the travellers forty miles through the desert, Marie rested only an hour at their wooden shed. She shook hands limply with the company all round. Then out she plunged into the sunny midnight outside, and off gaily to measure back the forty miles to the nomads' deer-pack.

The nomadism of the Herder Lapps is due to the fact that after three weeks' grazing, the reindeer moss may need to lie four or five years fallow. The nomads showed the uninvited travellers all the

hospitalities of their lodge. They were pressed to stay and dine—in the open. The travellers lent a hand in catching the supply of lemmings. These skinned and gutted were toasted in front of the fire, each on the end of a pointed stick. After dinner the old lady brought out some coffee-beans. These, toasted in an iron spoon and bruised, were boiled in a copper kettle into a bubbling broth. A splash of cold water precipitated the grounds. The host then took a bowl of birch-root into which the liquor was poured, and, biting off a chunk of sugar, drank and handed the bowl to his guests. Mr. Hyne does not know that he ever tasted more perfect *café noir*.

Enare, the chief city of the Lapps, contains 1,200 inhabitants, and boasts a few modest stores. The community is self-supporting: catching and curing its own fish; producing its own milk, rye and meat; weaving its own cloth; building its own houses, boats, and sledges; making its own spoons, bowls, etc. The only two-storied house in Lapland, the parsonage, is at once all the law, post-office, library, and culture of the place. It contained two hundred books, including translations of Stanley Weyman and Fergus Hume. At the parsonage dwelt the cooper and the Herr Praest who married every marrying person of the Lutheran persuasion within two hundred miles, and baptised and buried all inside that area. To the credit of the Lapps the travellers witness that from one side of Lapland to the other not one peevish woman-face was to be found.

Even more than for the entertainment of its matter, the book is to be commended for its style. The manner, even more than the matter, smacks strongly nautical. The air scents of shipping. Occasionally the exasperation of the march vents itself in humour one may suspect to be a trifle sardonic: "Being brought up in a country full of rivers and waterways, the Finns" (much in peril of the water) "naturally could not swim; and, having suffered so much at the hands of the carriers, we should much have liked to see them—well, inconvenienced. Only we had the *baggage* to think of." The book is to be commended to the bookish students. The illustrations and vignettes, lively and spirited, add much to the vividness of a most unbookish book.

A TIME-SAVING BOOK.

THE READER'S HANDBOOK. By the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. New Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Chatto & Windus.

THE late Dr. E. Cobham Brewer was one of the most indefatigable of men, and would have been a treasure indeed to the head of a Government department. For he had the gift, which is much less common in England than in France, of dealing calmly and methodically with memoranda, newspaper-cuttings, and other small deer. His mind to him an index was; not that he had any mistaken contempt for what advertisers call time-saving appliances. On the contrary, we remember to have heard that to see his use of such conveniences was a fascinating treat to intelligent young people and an object-lesson to some of their elders. It was natural that a man of this kind should utilise his leisure better than many people seem able to use their hours of business. It might surprise some superfine critics to learn how many "ordinary" folk have been indebted to Dr. Brewer's compilations for their awakening to a genuine, if limited, interest in literature and history. We could even name a bibliographer, of some little standing, whose passion for making notes as to authors and their books dates from his having had a copy of the appendix to (the first edition of) "The Reader's Handbook" interleaved with writing-paper.

One object of "The Reader's Handbook" is to provide the man of fair education with "a lucid but very brief" explanation of such pregnant literary and historical allusions as he will meet with in his reading, but may not always understand at sight. For instance, if a theatrical critic speaks of a character as "somewhat of a Fainall," the word "Fainall" can be looked at in Dr. Brewer's book, and the reference to Congreve's *The Way of the World* will be found explained. Another purpose of the volume is to give the plot of popular dramas, the story of epic poems, and the outline of well-known tales. Do you want to be reminded of the subject of Fletcher's comedy, *The Elder Brother*? Well, under Dr. Brewer's system, you turn to "Elder" in his bulky dictionary of allusion, and there you are. (There you ought *not* to be, as a matter of fact, since such a title should be indexed under the substantive, in this case "Brother." When will English literary workers learn to pay due respect to the wisdom of the rules of the compilers of the British Museum Catalogue of Printed Books?) Dr. Brewer's book is also furnished with two alphabetical appendices. The one contains the names, birthplaces, dates of birth or death, and a fairly full dated list of the works, of those whom Dr. Cobham Brewer considered to be our principal authors. The other appendix gives the names and dates of plays and translations of plays—Greek and Latin, French and German, and, above all, English—the authors' names, and in some cases other particulars being added. It is sad to reflect that no one who has not tried to produce something of the kind will be able to understand what the compiling of this list cost the author in anxiety, though we are told that it absorbed months of almost incessant toil.

At the end of the preface to the second edition of Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's "English Proverbs," that author, who is "ever a fighter" for the theory that even bibliographers have rights, says: "it is strangely easy for one man, however unversed, to trip up another who has devoted half a lifetime to a subject; and this Crichton Redivivus earns at a very economical rate the credit of knowing all that you do, and *one thing more*." That is a warning which is needed by the critic of such a "library in a volume" as "The Reader's Handbook." It must be admitted that it would be easy to pick holes in the wide fabric of the tremendous task which the dauntless Dr. Brewer set himself. We cannot but say that his idea of indexing was not in accordance with our own views: we should have entered "The Inspired Idiot" and "The Invisible Knight" under "Idiot" and "Knight" only, whereas Dr. Brewer has indexed the former under both "Inspired" and "Idiot," and the latter under "Invisible"; Spenser's Britomart gets at least three entries, where she might have had one entry and several cross-references; Mark Tapley has two entries, instead of one under "Tapley." Again, we think that the decision as to what are, or are not, allusions to be indexed, has been even more arbitrary than it needed to be; the word "Slang" is indexed, the puzzling adjective and noun "Creole" is not; "ship-shape" has an entry, and yet Dr. Cobham Brewer seems to have forgotten Cambridge so far as to have omitted "sporting the oak." But we are not concerned to multiply criticisms upon a readable as well as a useful book; we prefer to praise the immense labour, the wide reading, and the genuine love of literature which Dr. Brewer lavished upon "The Reader's Handbook." "A teaspoonful of Dr. Brewer's spirit, three times a day," is a prescription which might be useful in the treatment of country-clerical desultoriness.

In the present edition of Dr. Brewer's book the list of "English authors and their works" appears in a much-improved form. It has become really valuable. Nevertheless, to mention novelists alone, it includes the late "Warner, Susan," of New York, and excludes the late Miss Jessie Fothergill, the late Miss Veley, and the living Mr. C. F. Keary, all of England. And we could certainly have spared such entries as that which relates to the Rev. Benjamin Godwin (1785–1871). But perhaps the fairest thing

to say of "The Reader's Handbook," as a whole, is that it is worth more than the price at which it is published.

CÆSAR AS HISTORIAN.

CÆSAR DE BELLO GALLICO. Edited by St. George Stock. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

IT would be difficult to find a parallel to the interest which Julius Cæsar still evokes in the minds of reading and thinking humanity. We have recently had evidence of his hold over the popular imagination, both on the stage and in fiction. Mr. Tree's revival of Shakespeare's play at Her Majesty's is followed by the publication of a new novel dealing with the loves of Cæsar and Cleopatra, in which a Dr. Khalil Saadeh displays both historical fidelity and imaginative power. Cæsar the historian, however, appeals necessarily to a narrower field, but an attempt to arrive at a just estimate of this unique writer and maker of history is bound to be of interest to a fairly wide circle of scholars. We are apt to forget, Mr. Stock points out, that Cæsar stands first in the brief but brilliant roll of extant Roman historians, as a chronicler whose ideas and works lived after him. His "commentaries" or memoranda on his Gallic wars have, indeed, fascinated many princes from the military point of view; Charles V. and the two Napoleons need alone be mentioned, and Mr. Stock need offer no apology for giving us an up-to-date edition of a work to the elucidation of which Napoleon III. "applied all the resources of his power and of an acute intellect." But apart from the military value of the "Gallic War"—probably a diminishing quantity—it is bound for years to come to be a storehouse for students of the early history of France and Germany, of Switzerland, Belgium, and Britain. Cæsar is his own sole historian. And how has he used this unique advantage? With admirable discretion. The veriest schoolboy who has to find his tardy way through Cæsarian oblique narration must be struck with the air of truthfulness, and the grace and modesty inherent in the narrative. It is true we have little means of impugning his veracity. As to the actual history of the campaigns, Plutarch gives in three cases only slight indications of independent evidence, but he has practically a monopoly of extraneous testimony. The epitomes of Livy, taking them for what they are worth, entirely corroborate Cæsar. But there are so many characteristics of the "Gallic War" which encourage confidence in the reader that, when we might in the case of an ordinary historian be tempted to look for other light on certain problems, we are persuaded to allow our infant suspicions to be lulled to sleep. The very form of the work is a sop to Cerberus; we are reading "jottings" or "memoirs." The fact that the speeches in Cæsar are almost entirely in the oblique oration is an opiate to the potential Momus within us; they read like reports of what was actually said. If this is art pure and simple it is excellent art, for it is all done so naturally that we can challenge nothing. Even his small discrepancies only serve to heighten the effect of the illusion; they are of the kind that might easily have been set right.

In the edition of the "Gallic War" (I.–VII.) before us, Mr. Stock, whose varied work at Oxford as an editor predisposes us to confidence in him, has given us an exhaustive introduction of over two hundred pages. He has handled in the light of the fullest modern bibliography and independent first-hand research among the ancients, such matters as the character of Cæsar, Gaul, Britain, Germany and the Roman army with obvious enthusiasm and grasp. He is critical in the best sense of the word: questions such as "Did the Phœnicians trade with Britain?" are raised and debated in a historical spirit, and Mr. Stock has not thought necessary to maintain the infallibility of Cæsar simply because he happens to be editing him. This book is an able and careful piece of book-making, rendered pleasant by a certain elegance of style which is, no doubt, largely due to the editor's contact with his author, and by a something of briskness and humour which is apparent in the note on Bibracte. The text, which at every point where we have tested it seems to be a fairly conservative one, is that of Professor Hoffmann, of Vienna. An excellent sample of Messrs. Stanford's maps illustrates the campaigns in Gaul, and several indexes make the points of the subject-matter easy to find. As to the notes, we confess we have some slight misgiving. The book is evidently intended for advanced students, and hence the annotation is brief. It is sound, clear, and to the point—so far as it goes; but we fancy there is reason to complain of the sin of omission. The famous passage on "The Bridge" (IV. 17), in spite of the fact that it is translated in an appended note, certainly demands more recognition of difficulties, especially in view of the extensive literature of the subject (*e.g.* E. V. Arnold in *Classical Review*, June, 1887). The strong point of these notes is, no doubt, the illustration of topography by means of recent identifications, a point in which the editor's own travels stand him in good stead. Grammar goes on somewhat short commons. Cross-references are often withheld, the usage of the best writers is often not sufficiently illustrated (*e.g. ipsos*, p. 21), and such a phenomenon in conditional sentences as *vellet . . . erant* (VI. 34 and V. 35) deserves notice. Perhaps Hirtius' supplementary eighth book might have been included with advantage, seeing that, although not by Cæsar, it conveniently completes the history of the Gallic campaigns. What Mr. Stock has given us, however, is marked by sound style and scholarship.

FICTION.

SELAH HARRISON. By S. Macnaughtan. London: Macmillan & Co.

FORTUNE'S SPORT. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. London: C. Arthur Pearson.

A RED BRIDAL. By William Westall. London: Chatto & Windus.

BELINDA—AND SOME OTHERS. By Ethel Maude. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

THE OTHERS: BY ONE OF THEM. By R. Neish. Bristol J. W. Arrowsmith.

THE author of "Selah Harrison" has done a bold thing. In the age of sensationalism he—or she—has written a story from which the sensational element is entirely absent; and in an age in which fierce scepticism and the sensuous spirit in man are struggling for the mastery, he has given us a story which is one of faith pure and simple. What is more to the point is the fact that "Selah Harrison," differing widely as it does from the current fiction of the day, is an intensely interesting book; so full of interest, indeed, that the reader lays it aside with reluctance when the end is reached. Yet, at first sight, it might be supposed that the plot was one which it would be impossible to invest with any real human interest. It is the story of the son of a Northumbrian farmer, who, having been "wild" in an innocent sort of way in his youth, and having wandered, like the Prodigal, into a far country, passes through suffering into a state of devout penitence, and ends his life as a missionary on a far-away island in the Pacific. That is the whole story, with the exception of a love episode that enters into Harrison's life shortly before he starts for the South Seas, when he has gone, as a kind of evangelist, with a party of Cockney hop-pickers to a village in Kent. But, as the young man never tells his love, and even flies with apprehension, as from a temptation of the devil, when he has reason to believe that Miss Temple, the daughter of the Kentish squire, is not altogether unmindful of him, the episode is hardly one that possesses the kind of significance that attaches to most love affairs in ordinary novels. Nevertheless, the timid, unspoken love of Selah Harrison for Constance Temple makes an irresistible

appeal to the sympathies of the reader which is in harmony with the whole atmosphere of a book that is at once tender, wise, and beautiful. Many novels aim, as "Selah Harrison" does, at elevating the minds and the tastes of those who read them. Unfortunately but few succeed in achieving this object. Among this happy few "Selah Harrison" deserves a high place, alike as a work of art and a delicate study of character.

Mrs. Williamson, in "Fortune's Sport," has given us a story bright and vivacious in its opening chapters, and abnormally—we might almost say astoundingly—melodramatic in its sequel. It opens in the approved fashion in a charming country house in Surrey, occupied by Lady d'Esterre and her beautiful daughter Leslie, and it discloses to us as its first incident the engagement of bonny Leslie to Captain Thorold, the brilliant hero who has just won the Victoria Cross in the Chitral campaign. Lady d'Esterre did not approve of the engagement, for Captain Thorold is a poor man, and she had marked out as Leslie's future husband the great South African millionaire, Mr. Steele Burgoyne. But her consent to the betrothal was secured by a melodramatic incident. This was the unexpected and unwelcome appearance on the scene of Leslie's real father, a gigantic, soft-hearted, simple-minded mining adventurer named Michael Barr. This person was the father of the beautiful girl. Lord and Lady d'Esterre had met and adopted her during a prolonged visit to Africa, and Lady d'Esterre, coming home a widow, had, for reasons of her own, led the world to believe that Leslie was her own child. It is to secure the silence of the uncouth father, together with the sum of ten thousand pounds which he has amassed in his wanderings round the world, that Lady d'Esterre gives her reluctant consent to the betrothal of Leslie to Captain Thorold. The young man, on the day of his betrothal, returns to town rejoicing—and never reappears. The distracted Leslie receives instead a letter in which he tells her that he has met an old love, to whom he was bound in honour, and has married her, at the same time resigning his commission in the army and leaving England for Australia. The experienced novel-reader naturally suspects this story, and is quite prepared to learn that Captain Thorold has been made the victim of some cruel plot. But Leslie believes, for evidence is forthcoming which shows that the missing man has really resigned his commission and left the country, accompanied by a lady. So, before many weeks have passed, the broken-hearted girl, urged by the woman she believes to be her mother, has accepted Steele Burgoyne, the millionaire, for whom in her heart she entertains a feeling the reverse of love. It is on the very eve of her wedding that her eyes are opened. A mysterious packet is sent to her, and, opening it, she discovers a photograph in which she sees her lost lover lying, evidently very ill, on a couch in a room of mysterious aspect. That night, whilst her bridesmaids are sleeping peacefully in anticipation of the ceremony of the following day, she escapes secretly from Lady d'Esterre's house and starts on her quest for her lost lover. From this point the story revels in sensation of the most pronounced character. Everybody, including Leslie herself, goes about in disguise; one false trail after another is followed up, until at last the quarry is run to earth in the old haunted mansion of Dymtowers. When we say that more than a hundred closely printed pages are occupied by the narrative of Leslie's adventures during twenty-four hours in this terrible mansion with its ghosts, its mysterious corridors, its sliding panels, and its secret chamber, we have sufficiently indicated the character of the story. The thing is very well done; the reader's nerves are kept in a continuous tingle of excitement and apprehension, and it is only at the last moment that the mystery is solved and justice done. But one must have a sound palate rightly to appreciate a vintage so full-flavoured.

Mr. Westall has already given us one historical romance of the first class, dealing with the memorable rising of the Tyrol under Andreas Hofer. He now follows it up with a second story based upon the same episode. "A Red Bridal" is, we are inclined to think, even better than "With the Red Eagle." Mr. Westall is a veteran writer, who has been supplying us with entertaining fiction for many years past, but in these two stories he has struck a higher note and attained a more brilliant success than in any of his previous works. It is not too much, indeed, to say that "A Red Bridal" is a book which places him in the first rank of living romance-writers. We note the fact with pleasure, because, unfortunately, it is but rarely that a writer who had done well, but not exceptionally, in his earlier days, suddenly takes a new departure and achieves in it a new and distinct and remarkable success. We commend "A Red Bridal" to all who can appreciate romance founded upon fact in which both historical and fictitious characters are painted in such a way as to make them living people, and a stirring chapter of European history is presented to us in a form at once vivid and accurate. We cannot pretend to tell the plot of "A Red Bridal," for it is one which contains many episodes, all of them deserving of attention. Briefly, it is the tale of the fortunes of a young Tyrolean nobleman, Angus von Arnheim by name, during the later period of Hofer's great revolt. It is brilliantly told with much fulness of detail and with a knowledge not only of the events it describes but of the scenes with which it deals that is quite exceptional. We regard "A Red Bridal" as standing out distinctly from the mass of contemporary fiction; and we believe that all who read this healthy and fascinating story will agree with us in our opinion of its merits.

In "Belinda—and Some Others" Miss Ethel Maude relates, more vivaciously than grammatically, the small adventures of a large family of girls and boys who, being cast upon their own resources rather early in life, determine to take a house in London, and there to eke out, by the exercise of their respective talents, their united income of two hundred pounds a year. The narrative of how they fared in their undertaking is told by Miss Maria, the eldest member of the family, for the book is cast in autobiographical form; and if, as we have hinted, the grammar be faulty and the incidents recorded have but the most trivial interest, yet there is a vein of mild humour in the story of Belinda and her kin which saves it from the charge of dulness. These good-natured, lively, and enthusiastic young persons are as agreeable to read about as they would be to meet in real life, and the reader is not likely to withhold a certain amount of sympathy from the harum-scarum household in Triangle Lawn, Brick Park, S.W., whose doings and sayings are here set forth in so spirited and frolicsome a fashion. There is just sufficient characterisation in the portrayal of the masterful Belinda, her pretty sister Pamela, the "artistic" Olivia, and the matter-of-fact Maria, to enable one to realise the group, and though their history contains not a single exciting feature, it is told with engaging frankness and *verve*. In the end, each member of the enterprising young family is left happily settled in life through the intervention of a wealthy uncle from South Africa. Husbands are found for the girls, careers for the boys; and as a spare half-hour has been not unpleasantly beguiled in the reading of these things, "Belinda—and Some Others" may reasonably claim to have fulfilled the purpose of its existence.

In a prefatory note to "The Others: By One of Them" Miss Neish informs us that some of the sketches of which her bright little book is compounded have previously appeared in various magazines. They have now been skilfully incorporated into a really piquant volume of the kind which amuses an idle hour most successfully. The author possesses the invaluable gift of a light touch in

handling social satire, and her airy, epigrammatic style admirably suits her theme. The book is an agreeable specimen of a class of fiction which apparently is popular just now, dealing in a superficial manner with certain aspects of the social comedy in our midst. In "The Others" the scene is laid among the familiar surroundings of ordinary middle-class existence in a country town, and the various members of the family of Sir Henry Anstruthers, Liberal Member for Marketshire, form the central figures of its amusing pages. The character drawing is neatly finished, marked by considerable humour and a genial satire that is distinctly entertaining. Story there is none, but the various episodes are vividly and smartly described, and are enlivened by the introduction of several "good stories," which, if not always credible, are at least *ben trovato*. Miss Neish proves her perception of the humours and oddities of life in many phases, and the chapters treating of her heroine's electioneering experiences are no less amusing than those which tell of her sister Celia's amazing honeymoon or her brother Bob's alarming encounter with a burglar. It is all very well done, with a deft and delicate touch, and no one who takes up "The Others" is likely to lay it down unread.

A NOBLE RECORD.

THE RENAISSANCE OF GIRLS' EDUCATION IN ENGLAND. By Alice Zimmern. London: A. D. Innes & Co.

REMINDED by Miss Zimmern of those learned ladies of the eighteenth century who died without the sight of a renaissance of girls' education, we take down from a top shelf Dove's delightful little 1825 edition of the works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and savour once more the wit of a beauty whose mind was as fine as her eyes. At page 371 we find Lady Mary saying: "We are educated in the grossest ignorance, and no art omitted to stifle our natural reason; if some few get above their nurses' instructions, our knowledge must rest concealed, and be as useless to the world as gold in the mine. I am now speaking according to our English notions, which may wear out, some ages hence, along with others equally absurd."

The "notions" of 1752, already worn out, were not those of the sixteenth-century parents of English gentlewomen. So far from Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey having been looked upon as usurpers of male privileges of education, they were regarded as bright examples of the benefit which women might receive from contact with intellectual advantages. A noble lady was proud of the fact that her husband's rank and wealth enabled his daughters to have a good private tutor who could teach them to enjoy both the new editions of the classics and the English writings of the day. No readers appreciated Lyly's "Euphues" and Sidney's "Arcadia" more than did the daughters of English noble and gentle houses. Yet in 1694 all that had long been changed, and Mary Astell could complain that not a "Don Quixote of the quill" was left "to succour the distressed damsels" whose brains were being starved or dulled by non-educative "education."

A volume containing a clear account of that revival of girls' education which has taken place in England within the last fifty years, is one of those books which are really wanted by libraries and by private book-buyers. Miss Zimmern has done her work in a manner which is wholly admirable, and the publication of her lucid and copious history of a peaceful social revolution will earn for her the genuine gratitude of all who are concerned with the education of girls. It is particularly to be desired that Miss Zimmern's book should come under the notice of those foreign critics who have so often had to suppress their amusement at the style and arrangement of English books about education; for it has in abundance the keen good sense and the terse, vivid presentment of fact which alone can attract such readers to an English treatise upon its subject.

After giving a sketch of the history of girls' education in England before 1848, Miss Zimmern begins her account of what she rightly calls a "renaissance" with a notice of Queen's College, London, and of its founders. She speaks of Bedford College, and pays a deserved tribute to the forty years' work of Miss Beale at Cheltenham. The history of the admission of girls to the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations is then dealt with. A careful account of high schools follows; it is to be hoped that it will serve to draw attention to the thirty-four schools of the Girls' Public Day School Company, and to prevent people from confounding them with the schools of the newer Church Schools Company. There is a business-like chapter about "endowments for girls," and a judicious one upon the women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. The admission of women to the Universities is treated of in a temperate manner, and much information on the question is set forth. The chapter upon "boarding and private schools" is of great importance to parents; and other chapters upon "the technical instruction Acts," "State aid for girls," and "the intermediate schools of Wales," may be commended to those who are professionally concerned with such subjects. A good index completes Miss Zimmern's excellent book.

THE FEBRUARY REVIEWS.

WE have heard so much from the Protestant side concerning the present crisis in the Church, that it is a pleasant change to get the two statements, from High Church standpoints, which come first in the current number of *The Nineteenth Century*. Lord Halifax contends, and supports his contention by a comparison of passages from Evangelical, High Church, and Roman Catholic writers, that the conflict is provoked largely by misunderstandings which the proposed Conference was intended to remove. Of course, he insists on "the continuity of the Church," though he does not tell us whether all the new Ritualist revivals are really ancient and English; and he spiritualises transubstantiation by a reference to the scholastic doctrine of substance—extinct in modern philosophy, except for ecclesiastical purposes, for at least two hundred years. Mr. G. W. E. Russell, as a Liberal High Churchman, lays stress on the harm done to the Church by Erastianism at the time of the Gorham case and since, and points out that a feeling for Disestablishment has grown up inside the Church, and that the Episcopal Churches of Ireland and America show that Churchmen need not fear its results. Sir Henry Howorth, in a rather dull article, attempts to evolve the Peace Crusade into British hysteria and Continental hypocrisy—by the way, Baron von Stumm, the German iron king, is not "feudal" or a "Junker," though he sometimes talks like one—and Mr. J. P. Wallis has most timely explanations of the liberty, and license, of the French Press. Of the rest we can notice only Miss Lawless's charming paper on Florentine gardens in March—or rather wild flowers, for the gardens themselves seem rather dreary affairs—and the first part of Mrs. Blyth's concluding sketch, "Made in Germany"—a pleasanter sketch than most of its predecessors.

The Contemporary Review mercifully spares us all fancy reconstructions of the Liberal party, and opens with a sound, but too pessimistic, article by M. de Pressensé—which, however, contrasts curiously with a former article by him assuring us that England was helpless unless she joined either the Triple or the Dual Alliance. The relations of England and France were never worse, he thinks, perhaps since 1815, certainly since 1858; and he pleads for full and fair discussion, without Chauvinism or

patriotic bluster. Imperialism, he tells us, is used as a blind by the classes, in England and America alike, to prevent the masses from getting their rights and; if war breaks out between England and France, seeing that the reactionaries on both sides form the war party, it is all over with Liberalism in Europe. We hope not, though most wars are anti-Democratic; but M. de Pressensé is strangely astray as to America. The country is too big and too industrial for militarism to matter much, and is too much decentralised for Cæsarism. When will European publicists look at something besides the city of Washington, or New York, in America? Mr. J. T. Wills has a most entertaining and instructive paper on the Cape to Cairo line—a grandiose and in his view a "wild-cat" scheme, having as its nucleus a colliery branch from the Buluwayo-Salisbury line to the nearest coalfield on the north-west thereof. The proper route from Bulawayo to Tanganyika is, as he shows, by way of Lake Nyassa, and he has a startling plan for creating a new great lake by damming the gorge at Mount Morumbawa. This would make the climate healthy, drown out certain slave-raiders, and open an area for colonists from British India. A new application of modern criticism is seen in Mr. Foxley's ingenious attempt to trace, in the actual language of the Mass now in use, survivals from the time when the Eucharist was but one stage beyond the Jewish household festival wherein he finds its germ—when there was no priestly absolution, no transubstantiation, and, indeed, no specialised priest. Mr. Shaw Lefevre has an attractive and tantalising article on London Street Improvements; Lord Masham, as far as we can make out, argues that trade *must* follow the flag, because, since foreign countries are Protectionist, it can't go anywhere else; and "Graduate" makes the excellent point that the proposed Irish Catholic University is undesirable, because it will ignore women students. Finally, General Gatacre answers Mr. Bennett's article as to the cruelties at Omdurman. We think he meets satisfactorily Mr. Bennett's *general* charges; but the question requires a far more minute examination of the two articles than we have space to give.

The Fortnightly Review is full of varied interest. We need say little of its efforts to construct a policy for the Liberal party, based on the postponement of Home Rule (recommended by an unnamed author), and the dropping of Local Veto (advocated by Mr. Frederick Dolman), save that the strongest part of the latter article is its appeal to the adverse experience of Canada and New Zealand, while the former is an ably-written attempt by an outsider to express what he believes to be Liberal thought, and that it bears emphatic testimony to the present strength of the Liberal party in the country—both directly and by the curious neglect to specify what other question it is to take up. Apparently the writer thinks that it will triumph if it takes up anything but Home Rule, which will be settled when the need arises again. Mr. Morley Roberts draws a striking picture, from his personal observation, of the moral disintegration of Johannesburg—a disintegration which, apparently, prevents it from doing anything to redress its own wrongs, or letting him deliver it. Still, Mr. Roberts thinks he has prevented its "Germanisation," and will be welcomed as its deliverer in due time. Mr. Brooks Adams, known as an American writer on the philosophy of history, contributes a striking and, of course, a gloomy article on the economic future of the world. His summaries of recent financial history strike us as extremely misleading, and part of his data have already been modified by Sir Robert Giffen's paper of last week. He seems to us also enormously to overvalue bureaucracy, and to neglect entirely the part played by individual ability and by education in the development of German commerce; while Mr. Benjamin Taylor's very interesting sketch of the recovery of the American mercantile marine overlooks the fact that American steamers, owing to the wages paid, are at present much more expensive to work than British. Mr. H. J. Tennant, M.P., gives a really horrifying description of the dangers incident to the "dangerous trades," but thinks the evil could be met by repealing the employers' power of objecting to the special rules made by the Home Office, and by giving that Office increased powers. Of the rest we can mention only Prof. Max Müller's examples of the ethical value of reformed Hinduism, with a curious parenthetic expression of admiration for the Athanasian Creed; Mr. Boas's "new light on Marlowe and Kyd"—especially on Marlowe's religious views: and the first instalment of Baron Pierre de Coubertin's history of France since 1814.

The National Review has made the Dreyfus case one of its staple topics for some time past, and in the present number we have a careful review and summary, by Sir Godfrey Lushington, of the various subsidiary issues and developments which the Court of Cassation has to examine, and a collection of really shocking and horrifying illustrations, gathered together by Mr. F. C. Conybeare, of the attitude of French Clericals in the case. The worst part of it is the collection of extracts from French "religious" papers, like the *Croix* and the *Pélérin*, which make the great Christian festivals occasions for Anti-Semite outbursts; while the Bishops interfere only with priests like the Abbé Pichot, who plead for a fair hearing for both sides; and a popular preacher has even entertained a fashionable congregation with an Anti-Semite sermon from the pulpit of the Madeleine. Finally the editor says that the "real mystery" is, Why the General Staff, believing that Dreyfus's guilt is indisputable, oppose his retrial? (Surely the answer is that they have found out their mistake, and dare not face exposure either for themselves, or the army, or their clerical friends.) Mr. W. P. Reeves gives an account of the New Zealand Old-Age Pensions Law—now virtually on a three years' trial, and of such modest scope that it is not likely either to burden the revenue or check thrift. Mr. Austin Dobson has a pleasant antiquarian article on St. Martin's Lane and its southern neighbourhood, "the Grub Street of (eighteenth century) art"; and there is a careful and very hostile examination of the South-Eastern and Chatham amalgamation scheme.

THE MAGAZINES.

In *The Pall Mall Magazine* Sir Hugh Gough gives some of his interesting memories of campaigns in Afghanistan, and Sir Charles Dilke writes of our Newfoundland difficulties with France. Messrs. Raymond Blathwayt and Alaricus Delmard, in an article on European military ballooning, give some instances which show the advantages to be derived from employing the balloon in case of war. In comparing the balloon systems of different countries, the writers consider that, whilst, in the science of propelling and steering the balloons, the French are to the fore, in the means of transporting the gas they are surpassed by the English, Italians, and Germans. Mr. Crockett's serial "The Silver Skull" is continued, and there is a very good complete story by Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Amongst other contributors are Messrs. A. T. Quiller-Couch, W. Clark Russell, and H. B. Marriott Watson.

In *Longman's Magazine*, Mr. S. G. Tallentyre sketches the spirited career of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Miss Jennett Humphreys, giving some incidents in the life of Sir Thomas Bodley, the benefactor of Oxford, says in conclusion, "No complete Life of Bodley has yet been written. Materials for it are lying, scrap by scrap, in almost any of the State histories and documents belonging to his day, and it would be well if these were got out and laid together." Mr. Rider Haggard's "Farmer's Year" is continued; Messrs Andrew Lang and A. E. W. Mason contribute an instalment

of "Parson Kelly," and Mr. W. E. Norris a short story.

Cassell's Magazine contains Mr. Frank Banfield's interesting account of a conversation with Sir Howard Vincent, the subject of which was the place of the Volunteers in the scheme of national defence. In an article on American football Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook traces the development of the old English game into the blood-thirsty form which it has assumed on the other side of the Atlantic. "What Americans have done for their football," the writer warns us, "professionalism will do for ours," unless our players recognise that a good game is more to be desired than a "big gate." Mr. S. H. Hamer writes of the Royal Choral Society; another writer contributes a note about the Nicaragua Canal, and Mr. Robert Machray describes various ways in which the eye is deceived. Mr. William le Queux is well represented by a talk about carnivals and one of his Monte Carlo stories. Mr. Max Pemberton's serial, "The Garden of Swords," is continued.

In *The Cornhill Magazine* Miss Eleanor Hull, writing of the visions of some English and Irish forerunners of Dante, dwells upon the reality which the supposed symbolism of the "Divine Comedy" must have had for the poet and his contemporaries. The torments, described in the "Divine Comedy," as well as in its forerunners, were believed in by the whole of Western Christendom. "It is impossible to come to any other conclusion," says the writer, "than that it was to Dante, as to his contemporaries, no symbolical vision, but a picture of actual conditions." In Sir Robert Edgcumbe's article on a Cornish wit and raconteur, William Robert Hicks, some good stories are to be found. An anonymous writer gives some examples of the humours of school inspection. Mr. Archibald Little describes a summer trip to Chinese Thibet. Mr. Crockett's serial and the "Etchingham Letters" are continued, and there are also contributions from Miss M. E. Francis and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett.

Temple Bar is good this month. Miss Marion Quekett sketches the romantic career of the merchant's daughter, Désirée Clary, who, after having been betrothed successively to Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon, and General Duphot, finally, by her marriage with Bernadotte, became Queen of Sweden. Mr. Edward Manson records some happy retorts made by orators; in a history of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Mr. C. Fortescue Yonge robs Kenilworth of its association with Amy Robsart by declaring that Scott's unhappy heroine never was at the castle, and that her only connection with it lay in the fact that it was given to her husband three years after her death. Miss Rhoda Broughton and Mr. Egerton Castle both contribute parts of their serials, and there are, in addition, some short stories.

In *The Windsor Magazine* Mr. Pelham F. Warner gives some experiences of English cricketers abroad. Miss Mary Angela Dickens, writing of Mr. B. L. Farjeon's methods of work, says that notes, sketches and plots are all equally unknown to this popular novelist, who from chapter to chapter is quite in the dark as to the story he is writing. Mr. Harold Golding contributes an amusing article on school journalism, and Mr. A. de Burgh describes the smallest constitutional monarchy in the world—Liechtenstein, which lies between Austria and Switzerland. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's stories of "Stalky and Co." are delightful. Mr. Crockett's serial, "Joan of the Sword," is continued, and fiction is also contributed by Mr. W. Pett Ridge and Mrs. L. T. Meade.

The Woman at Home contains the continuation of Mr. Guy Boothby's serial, "Dr. Nikola's Experiment." Miss Sarah A. Tooley writes of some famous bachelors, and amongst other contributors are Mrs. F. Harcourt Williamson and Miss Gertrude Atherton.

The Girl's Realm contains contributions from Miss Alice Corkran, Miss Sydney C. Grier, Mr. S. Baring-Gould, Miss Mary E. Mann, Miss Hannah Lynch, and others. *Little Folks* and *St. Nicholas* are both good.

THE MAD WORLD.

MAD HUMANITY. By L. Forbes Winslow. London: C. A. Pearson.

DR. FORBES WINSLOW would find it difficult to write anything about insanity which would not be of interest to intelligent adult readers, as his experience with patients has been very extensive. The present work is of a popular character, and is illustrated with portraits of typical sufferers and facsimiles of handwriting. It is needless to remark that Dr. Winslow is an advocate of all the rational safeguards with which teachers of religion and morality strive to surround the dangers of modern social intercourse. He is deeply impressed by observing the increase of insanity due to indulgence in alcohol, and he sets before his readers a standard of "moderation in all things" which is sorely needed by the inhabitants of great cities. Looking at humanity from the point of view of the specialist, he sees it as all too unconscious of the ominous handwriting upon the walls of its limitations. "Our minds are overcharged with projects, novelties, and reforms (?) The European is continually seeking for means of fresh emotions and fresh excitement. We experience nothing but anguish, disappointment, and deceptions . . . what we call European manners, social condition and progress, offer conditions which can be accepted only at the risk of our health and morals." This is plain speaking with a vengeance; indeed, throughout Dr. Winslow's book there runs a John Bullish tendency to call a spade a spade, which is by no means too common nowadays. He begins the volume with a slight but harrowing sketch of the treatment of maniacs in those "good old times" which Liberals tried to make a little less full of abuses than they began by being. Next comes a chapter on the "condition of lunacy at the present day," which is not likely to leave its philanthropic readers in a very cheerful state of mind. After giving a general sketch of the symptoms and varieties of madness, Dr. Winslow passes on to deal specifically with the handwriting of the insane, religious madness, suicidal madness, criminal madness, and hallucinations of hearing and seeing. A chapter upon "strange lunacy cases" is full of matter which will appeal to lovers of the sensational, and some of its stories may do them good. One of its lighter features is the account of how clergy are pursued with amorous attentions by lady "hearers" who suffer from disordered imaginations. We know a married clergyman who has had to bear being told by a parishioner that she had learned "from above" that she was ordained to be his spiritual wife. Dr. Winslow's account of the madness of genius is somewhat superficial and disappointing; there is a standard popular work upon this subject—Nisbet's "Insanity of Genius." As a whole, "Mad Humanity" may help to enforce two great lessons—the folly of encouraging eccentricity in ourselves or in others, the wisdom of an enlightened Puritanism. But we lay down the book with a slight feeling of relief.

SKETCHES OF THE GREEK DRAMATIC POETS

SKETCHES OF THE GREEK DRAMATIC POETS FOR ENGLISH READERS By Charles Haines Keene, M.A. London: Blackie & Son.

IF sketches may be classified under the heads of good, not good, and bad we should be inclined to class these sketches by Mr. C. H. Keene in the middle category. They "were not originally intended for publication," and we see no adequate reason for the writer's change of mind. It is pardonable perhaps in lectures delivered before mixed audiences to present a *rechauffé* of the works of Mahaffy, Jevons, Butcher, and other scholars; but the concoction should have the flavour of enthusiasm, care, and animation of style. A large part of the book consists of somewhat lifeless summaries of plots, and if the audiences who heard these lectures delivered did not nod, we fancy that those who attempt to peruse them in the printed page will either soon abandon the endeavour or by somnolence pay the penalty of misdirected persistence.

FOR SCHOOLBOYS AND OTHERS.

THE TUTORIAL LATIN DICTIONARY. By F. G. Plaistowe, M.A. London: W. B. Clive.

WE have used "The Tutorial Latin Dictionary" constantly for a fortnight and have not found it in that time give anything but satisfaction. Intended for the use of candidates for class examinations at Universities, it includes a maximum possible in the space of idiomatic phrases and expressions, while the forms and constructions used by the principal classical authors are distinguished. The book is of a handy shape and is convenient for use; there are two columns to a page, the paper is strong, and the print large and legible. At the price (6s. 6d.) it will make a sound school dictionary, while scholars will find it scholarly enough for use in cursory or quick reference. It is on a slightly larger scale than Mr. Nall's recently published work.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Some of the stories which Miss Merrick gives concerning her adventures "With a Palette in Eastern Palaces" are both piquant and droll. As a student of the Royal Academy Miss Merrick took the first silver medal for painting a head from the life. It was the head of a handsome old Arab, and it determined her vocation as a portrait painter, and in due time sent her to the East, with introductions to the then Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne. In Egypt, as well as in India, Miss Merrick had her artistic experiences, and nothing seems to have escaped her quick eyes or merry sense of humour. She saw Eastern interiors in a manner only possible to her own sex, and she painted not a few reigning beauties at Native Courts. Sometimes they were not beauties at all, but they had to be painted. One old Maharanee had lately lost her husband, and as imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, she wished to look like Queen Victoria, and therefore arrayed herself in what she regarded as correct English costume. "She was wearing a purple velvet pork-pie hat, trimmed with three diamond stars, and a white veil covered with gold-spangles hanging down the back, a purple velvet dress with a broad lace collar fastened by a large brooch, and open sleeves lined with white satin." Our lady artist is evidently a diplomatist, and she contrived to persuade the Maharanee of Rewah to fall back on native costume. "She only spoke Telugu, which I did not understand, so everything was translated for me by the wife of the doctor, who always accompanied me to the palace; however, when I was working on the portrait the Maharanee waited until everyone was out of the room, then pointed to her face, and said in a whisper "White," and pulled the skin round her eyes and on her forehead quite tight, meaning to imply that she wished me to paint her fair and with no wrinkles." When the picture was finished an old Ayah exclaimed, when she saw it, "It's just like Queen Victoria." The Maharanee was delighted, declared that the Ayah was a very sensible woman, and promptly handed her five rupees and a large pot of mango chutnee. Many of the stories consist of the gossip of the studios. Here, for instance, is a picture of Mr. Alma-Tadema, in the days when Miss Merrick was a pupil at the Royal Academy. "The schools were crowded when Mr. Alma-Tadema was our visitor; but we were always afraid of his cutting remarks. 'Ah,' with his eyebrows raised, 'a house-painter would call himself an artist before you.' Then, standing with a puzzled expression before a very feeble study, 'You have not tried to copy the figure, you have not tried to copy the drapery, you have not tried to copy the background; when you have done those three things, I will look at your study'—walking away." Miss Merrick states that one day she went into a picture framer's warehouse, and was surprised to find a row of antique looking portraits in oil. The dealer told her that he had collected them for a Manchester gentleman, who had given him an order for six ancestors to rob his garish mansion of its prevailing note of modernity. "A stranger was one morning ushered into my studio, and wanted to see everything I had by me, and was not satisfied until I had unearthed a lot of old studies packed away as lumber. To my surprise he purchased six at ten guineas each; and when I asked him what he was going to do with them, 'Do with them, Madam; I shall reproduce them,' adding with a comprehensive wave of his hand, 'They will be in every grocer's shop in the United Kingdom. In the meantime if you can think of any other subjects suitable for Hudson's Extract of Soap, Neave's Infant Food, starch or blacking——' and with that he bowed himself out." Once when Miss Merrick was tramping along in the country with paint-box and easel, an old village woman accosted her and expressed a wish that she would paint her son, who was in India. The difficulty of distance was mildly suggested, whereupon the old lady promptly responded that the reason why she wanted his portrait was that he was so far away. She added that she was very proud of him, as he was amongst the "rals." When an explanation of this odd term was asked, the dame replied. She said "Her boy was either a gene-ral, an admi-ral, or a corpo-ral, but she was not quite sure which it was." We have said enough to show that this brief book is written with arch-vivacity, and is not merely readable, but racy.

"Gloucester" is the latest volume in Messrs. Bell's Cathedral Series. Gloucester has been the seat in turn of a nunnery, a monastery, and a great Benedictine Abbey. The latter was suppressed in 1539, and its stately church—built between 1088 and 1498—became in 1541 the cathedral of a see under Henry VIII., who appointed as first bishop, Dr. John Wakeman, his own chaplain and last Abbot of Tewkesbury. John Hooper was the next bishop, and he in Edward VI.'s reign became a zealous reformer, with the result that in the Marian persecutions he was burnt as an obstinate heretic in 1555, almost under the shadow of his own cathedral. "Of the building as originally constructed," states Mr. Massé, "practically the whole, as far as the outline is concerned, may be said to remain as it was at the beginning of the twelfth century. The massive Norman nave, the slype or covered passage that is between the Deanery and the north-west wall of the cathedral, the two transepts with their turrets, the choir with its various chapels and aisles, the chapter-house, and the abbot's cloister, are all parts of the original building, although later additions have partly concealed them." Stress is laid in these pages on the architectural claims of the beautiful and graceful tower. The bells are singularly mellow. They are of great antiquity, for they escaped the hands of the spoiler at the Dissolution of the Monasteries. The east window is the largest in England, and contains the magnificent stained glass of the fourteenth century. Gloucester is also remarkable for its beautiful Lady-Chapel, which was built in the years 1457-1499. No cathedral in England has more perfect cloisters, and the fan-vaulted roof of those at Gloucester are unique. The city as well as the cathedral has its great associations, for it was the meeting-place of eight Parliaments. This monograph is lavishly illustrated, and it gives a clear and detailed account of the architectural claims and historical annals of Gloucester.

Passing comment is all that is possible for other books of the moment. There has just been added to the series known as Present Day Preachers a volume of sermons by surely the greatest of them all—the Rev. Alexander McLaren, D.D. It is called "A Rosary of Christian Graces," a title which is suggested by a noble group of sermons on 2 Peter i. 5-11. They are marked by that subtle union of reason, imagination, and spiritual fervour which make Dr. McLaren's sermons, apart from their literary felicity, representative of the modern pulpit in its most lofty moods. A fine portrait of the great preacher, which is quite new to us, and has evidently been taken recently, forms the frontispiece of this welcome volume.—We have received three more volumes of the "Whitehall Shakespeare." One of them contains "Venus and Adonis," the Sonnets and minor poems, and *King Henry VIII.* Another contains *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*; whilst the remaining one gives the text of *King Lear, Macbeth, Timon of Athens*, and *Pericles*. In each case critical notes and a glossary are added. The tragedy of *King Richard II.* has just been added to the Pitt Press Shakespeare for Schools. The text is edited with a critical introduction, pithy but luminous notes, glossary, and appendix by Mr. A. W. Verity, of Trinity College, who is widely known by his admirable "Cambridge Milton for Schools," as well as by previous volumes in the present series. The Pitt Press has also just published "Lord Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome and other Poems," edited with equal thoroughness by Mr. J. H. Flather, of Emmanuel College. There is an excellent map of Central Italy in this manual, as well as a full exposition of the historical incidents on which Macaulay's verse is founded.

* With a Palette in Eastern Palaces. By E. M. Merrick. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

The Cathedral Church of Gloucester. By H. L. J. Massé, M.A. Illustrated. (Bell's Cathedral Series.) London: George Bell & Sons.

A Rosary of Christian Graces. By Alexander McLaren, D.D. Portrait. (Present Day Preachers.) London: Horace Marshall & Son.

The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by H. Arthur Doubleday. (The Whitehall Edition.) Vols. VII., VIII., and XI. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

King Richard II. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, Glossary, and Appendix, by A. W. Verity, M.A. Cambridge: The University Press.

The Lays of Ancient Rome and Other Poems. By Lord Macaulay. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by J. H. Flather, M.A. Cambridge: The University Press.

NOTICE.

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Supplement to "The Speaker."

LITERATURE AS PHYSIC.

IN this age of personal interest in the condition of body and mind, when every man is his own doctor, and every woman endeavours to be the spiritual as well as the bodily medical adviser of all her friends and acquaintance, it is not an uncommon experience, in haunts of pleasure, and even at the festive board itself, to overhear our neighbours conversing earnestly about their health. They discuss the peculiar states of it, they do not hesitate to describe minutely their most intimate symptoms. To all this their listeners sympathetically reply by giving them advice gratis, which advice, in its surprising candour and want of reserve, is apt to be more startling even than the statement of the case itself; the only wonder left is that before this point is reached the wrist has not been offered nor the tongue displayed! But how is it, we ask ourselves, that among all the advice thus freely given, and all the prescriptions and patent medicines recommended —such as faith cures, crystal mirrors, the hair of the dog that bit, the thought-suggesting, the hot-watery, the woolery and silkery treatments—how is it that one of the most palpable cures for all mental strain and bodily weariness is never mentioned at all, although it lies at our very door—or, rather, it stands on our dearest bookshelves?

Of course, the wise of the earth know, and always have known, the efficacy of literature as a health tonic; but then the wise man never mentions his own health, and the wisest of all men never allows his neighbours to speak of their health either. Looking casually along the bookshelves, certain books seem to smile down upon their happy owner, with a friendly flicker in their gold lettering. This slim volume of Essays calmed its reader one evening during an attack of the nerves, at the end of a wearily-long day, when all its owner's friends seemed to have had nothing but disagreeable things to say to him; this volume is the *Chamomilla* of his library. Then, at another time, that thick book of Travels, so full of adventure, was like a bluff and hearty friend, who, fresh from a long journey, drops in on one of those worst of all sultry days, when the air is heavy with undischarged electricity, and there is a "sense of impending gloom" hanging over everything, even amounting at times to "a foreboding of a terrible catastrophe looming in the distance"—and when other similar symptoms alarm overwrought and sensitive natures. That volume of Travels should be named the *Belladonna* among the books. Some other day a different kind of delightfully distracting friend will turn up and look in upon us, thoroughly rousing our attention in the shape of an Arabian Night, or a "Shaving of Shagpat," and will entirely clear the tired brain of all the tiresome details of financial life, which have been see-sawing there all the day long, and which no dose of ordinary newspaper reading could dispel. Such stories are the *Opiums* among our books. Now and again a tender love-story, or a romance, will be found refreshing—especially when the first grey hairs have been conspicuously asserting themselves. But perhaps remedies for a disorder of this kind should be called *Restoratives* rather than medicines. Then, again, when a man's feelings have been wounded—his vanity ruffled—where will he be likely to find a better sedative than in looking over laudatory notices, or in glancing through a dedication to himself? Indeed, sometimes just the simple turning over of the pages of a preface, where his own name is likely to occur, has been found to be of great efficacy—we have known such treatment to act as a veritable *Arnica* lotion to the bruised condition of a depressed vanity.

For those who are too much exhausted, and at the same time too much excited, to sleep, there is nothing for it but taking a bold nip of undiluted brandy: Kipling's brand is the best for this purpose; a "Plain Tale from the Hills" will produce wonderfully the desired effect; there is no tonic like it. Yet caution must be used in the size of the dose, and it must be indulged in only upon rare occasions. Then there are all those famous books that belong to the older school of letters—resembling in their strength and their pungency the older school of medicine. There are those surprising early playwrights, those stinging pamphleteers, and those crudely searching Gullivers and far-reaching Steeles; which, compared with the later (but, of course, not with the latest) phase of English literature, hold much the same position to it that the earlier school of medicine does to the more modern and the gentler form of the science; the earlier style, which, like *Homocea*, went "straight to the spot." Among the earlier writers, the lampoonists, the pamphleteers, the playwrights, the divines, were the veritable blisters and glisters, the brimstones and purges, even the "scarlet hangings," of earlier times! Then there are also those dear old pastoral poets of the seventeenth century, who are so mild and so flowery; to read their poems is like taking large cups of herbaceous tea. William Browne (although it requires a bold spirit to mention that author now, since his name is not included in either of the two latest selections of "The Best English Poetry"), in his "Britannia" simply abounds in passages that read like medical prescriptions. While for those who may desire to have a short and strong draught, one that is unique and has a distinct flavour of its own, what can be better recommended than one of the works of Dr. Donne? Then, on the other hand, if a pleasant and gentle course of treatment is desired—where a prolonged course can be taken regularly, frequently, and for several consecutive months—to whom better can we apply than to the *Gentle Shepherd* himself?

However, this game of poet-and-lozenge, pamphlet-and-mustard, sermon-and-brimstone, might be carried on *ad infinitum*. But enough has been already said, we feel sure, to suggest to all earnest seekers after health a way in which they may best cure themselves, without more ado than by selecting that volume from their bookshelves which will be best suited to their state, whether it be fatigue of body or distraction of the mind. Perhaps, however, a few words at parting may not be out of place here—of advice, *gratis*—on the manner in which the patient should take his physic. He should be careful to select the easiest armchair that the house affords, or the sofa, even if it be the only one present. Into this he must comfortably settle himself, arrange the candles behind him so that their light may illumine the page of his book over his left shoulder; and then, ignoring entirely any misconstruction of his conduct that may be formed by those around him, such as that his behaviour is rude or selfish—for those about him, being mere idlers, are undoubtedly eager health discussers—the patient should then proceed to give himself entirely up, mind and body, to a thoroughly good browse upon the pages of his book; and in that, the only true way, will he be able to give a fair trial to the most rational of all restoratives that it is possible for man to obtain at the end of this exhausting nineteenth century of ours.

M. E. G.

THE POPE'S ONE-HUNDREDTH WORST WORK.

THIS week, to our delighted surprise, we found among the books for review a new edition of the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum."* How it came to be there we could not tell. It was scarce open to

* "Index Librorum Prohibitorum Sanctissimi Domini Nostri Leonis XIII. Pont. Max. Jussu Editus." Editio II. Cum Novissimo Decreto ab Eodem Pont. Max. Prolato. Taurini: Typographia Pontificia. 1899.

us to imagine that the Bishop of Rome desired our judgment on the labours of the Congregation of the "Index." There, however, was the tome; and a tome more attractive we had not met for many a day. As we handled it, wild visions of rivalry to Sir John Lubbock fired our mind. Any schoolboy could compile a list of the best hundred books; but who could specify the hundred which were worst? Only the Pope himself. That was our view as we fondly fingered the Latin pages; and far along in the vista we beheld the undoing of Sir John. A hundred books which were the worst in the world would be much more entertaining than the hundred which were best. Heretics as we are, we could not but admit that the Vatican is greater than the County Council, and the Pope a paragon to Sir John. Already in our minds' eye we beheld the specially-constructed cabinet which was to harbour the infamous works. It was of a much better pattern than that in which *The Times* has enshrined "The Encyclopædia Britannica"; and Sir John, with *The Daily Mail*, had retreated into Clapham. We own up. We throw the sponge as high into the turbid air as our enervated hopes allow. The Pope refuses to enter into competition with the County Councillor. Since 1888, when the penultimate edition of the "Index" was issued, he has found only one English work which he considers worthy of mention as being particularly bad. That is "Happiness in Hell," three articles contributed to *The Nineteenth Century* by Mr. St. George Mivart. His Holiness is aware that they are not a book. He calls them *opuscula*. Still worse: "*Auctor*," we read in the "Index," "*laudabiliter se subjecit et opuscula reprobavit*." This means that England has in ten years produced only a hundreth part of the total *damnati* which we had sought; and even that fraction is subject to ruinous discount. In the specific instance, we are not surprised. As his article in *The Academy* two weeks ago showed, Mr. Mivart writes English so horribly that it was clearly his duty to apologise to some one. We are glad that the Bishop of Rome has taken from off our shoulders the obligation to be father confessor to the erring son.

However, M. Émile Zola also is a son. He writes President Faure's French very well, and he has been studying the Queen's English in her Majesty's immediate domains. If English men of letters failed us, we could, we thought, make out a very superior list of abominably bad books from the *opera* of the Frenchmen. There again we were sadly foiled. The last entry in the new edition of the "Index" is "Zola Émile. *Opera omnia*." That is the worst *damnosa hereditas* with which it has been our lot to deal. The whole *opera* of M. Zola cannot hold the field against Sir John Lubbock's massed band. Resonant as they are, separately and in chorus, M. Zola's instruments do not yet number a hundred; and thus is France avenged against us over that little affair of Fashoda. She leaves England with only two authorised bookcases instead of three, and both of them are good. The bad is still to seek. The Germans might help us, if we understood the jargon of their novel-writers; but we are provided with too few fingers. We have not one for each clause in every fearsome sentence, and so the Germanic wickedness is of no use to us. As for the Russians, the Pope takes no note of them. His Holiness having neither an army nor a navy, they will not allow him to take part in the Conference on War against War; and, naturally, His Holiness, being human as well as divine, condescends not to take any note even of "The Kreutzer Sonata." To which point of the compass, then, were we to turn in order that our revolving bookcase, contrived of ancient oak and embellished with morocco leather, might be worthily, wickedly, filled? To Norway? Dwells there a bold, bad man, one Ibsen, as exempt from ecclesiastical authority as he is from independence on the Independent Theatre? That bad man leaves us in the lurch. The Bishop of Rome does not seem to have the honour of acquaintance with his works. Ibsen is not in the "Index." The United States of America are equally disappointing. Colonel Ingersoll, surely, deserves notice in respect of his Biblical studies; but, for all the Pope cares, the Colonel might as well have been a crossing sweeper over the pavement athwart our exit to Ludgate Hill. As the dying nations are Catholic and do not count, our imagined bookcase is left with only the hundredth part of a book in it, and that an *opusculum* apologised for.

That is our own misfortune. We cannot lay it to the blame of the Bishop of Rome. If the British public would be satisfied with spectral bad books, we could, with the sanction of the Pope, produce a Hundred of the Worst at least equally meritorious in their ways to Sir John Lubbock's Hundred Best. The trouble would be an overlapping on the parts of Sir John and ourselves. Some of the books which Sir John considers the best in the world the Pope treats as too bad to be mentioned. Spelling our way through the Latinity of the Introduction to the new "Index," we find that "all books which before the year 1600 either the Popes or the Œcumenical Councils condemned are already held to be *damnati*." Whaur's your Wullie Shakespeare noo? Nowhere, clearly; and that with very bad language thrown into the bargain. Obviously our readers, if they are to have a bookshelf in rivalry to Sir John Lubbock's, must be content to have the Bard of Avon as spectral as the spook in *Hamlet*. Some of them, being disciples of the Baconian theory, are in that state of destitude already. Perchance, however, they might like Mr. Huxley, or Mr. Herbert Spencer, or Mr. Frederic Harrison. Woe unto them, the faithless, and unto us, who have to reckon with the Bishop of Rome! "All books of apostates, heretics, and schismatics, and all the writers whatsoever propagating heresy and schism, or overthrowing the foundations of religion, are absolutely prohibited." They are too general, in the eyes of the Vatican, to be worth specifying. Thus are we obliged to perceive that the Pope will not help us to be experts in wickedness and the builders of model libraries. This intrigues us against His Holiness. We should like to find a culverin to range against his palace. A *caput* in the *Decreta Generalia* of the "Index" provides it. "Newspapers, broadsides, and periodicals which deliberately assail religion or good morals are to be held proscribed, not only by natural but also by ecclesiastical law. . . . No Catholic, especially no ecclesiastical person, may publish aught in newspapers, broadsides, or periodicals of this kind, unless induced by a just and reasonable cause." That leads us into the venue of *The Nineteenth Century* and *The Contemporary Review*. Why do Mr. Lilly and other Catholics write in those periodicals? The saving clause in the *caput* of the *Decreta Generalia* will enable them to give a brilliant answer. Rome always has the best of us in the end. We retreat, however, with an *arrière-pensée*. If only the Bishop of Rome had been faithful to our joint wickedness, we could have established a library holding a hundred books with thoughts more wicked and entertaining and helpful than Mr. Mivart's apprehensions of Hell.

A NIGHT WITH AN OLD POACHER.

As soon as supper was over and the aged minister had said grace and taken his departure we were off. Our stock-in-trade consisted of a couple of long hare nets and a little cur bitch as intelligent as a Scotland Yard rat and as keen as mustard. Her owner was a small North of England farmer, with an unrivalled ken of the ways of all the wild things of his countryside, and a fund of wit as dry as the eye of a limekiln. We were joined on our way by a young fellow with the spirit of our mission in

his blood. He volunteered the information that "Neesham lads" were "spearin' troot" in a beck running through the elder man's farm, and suggested that we should go and scare them. The proposal was negatived by a sly "Nay, I think we'll leave 'em alone; we're goin' hare-nettin', and thou knows, Jack, thou shoots long-tails (pheasants) without a license." The significant emphasis on the latter part of the sentence effectually crushed any opposition that might have been expected, and we trudged along up a steep hillside in silence.

As we neared the scene of operations—a small field of turnips surrounded by a stone fence, and entered by a single gateway leading from an old turnpike-lane—I ventured some hypothetical remark about our particular form of poaching requiring a lot of care. "Yes, yes! netting hares is like courtin' lasses with plenty o' brass; it needs a deal o' care, doesn't it, Jack?" remarked the elder poacher under his breath. One of the nets was lightly hung across the gateway, the younger man sent round to the top of the field to prevent the hares jumping over a low place in the wall and escaping, and as soon as he signalled the fact that he was in position by striking a match, my companion sent his dog over the wall with a low "get away." The little bitch was not to bid start away twice and instantly vanished into the darkness without uttering a sound. We crouched under the wall on either side of the gate and waited. Very soon the fun began. There was a swift swish as if a strong wind had brushed a bed of rushes and instantly died away again, then another, and a brown something shot through the gate bars like a cannon ball and rolled to the other side of the lane in a confused heap. The poacher was after it like lightning, and as he threw himself upon it the still night air was rent by a heart-touching, baby-like scream, which was instantly checked by the poor animal's death. The little cur bitch watched us disentangle the great flabby hare from the meshes of the net with her head through the gate bars, but as it appeared to her to be exciting work over which we were rather slow, she came through, and, sniffing pussy over, wagged her tail in approbation.

By-and-by the net was in position again, and the dog busy amongst the turnips. Another rush, and away came our second hare into the net with a crash that made the old gate shake and rattle on its hinges. We soon had an explanation of this. The hare turned a complete somersault, and her white belly down showed up plainly against the ground. My companion sprang forward to seize her, but he was too late. She freed herself from the net, one end of which had caught round the head of a partly drawn nail in the gate and prevented the animal from becoming properly entangled. I heard the poacher say something unprintable, and then the old hare's feet going splatter, splatter, splatter up the wet lane until the sounds died away into silence.

> The hare that strikes a net and gets away
> Is sure to jump a wall another day,

is a well-known axiom amongst poachers and gamekeepers, and my companion summed up the situation by saying that we had "mistetched" that one, at any rate. We hung the net up again, and away went our little four-legged beater in search of another hare.

I was now left alone in charge of the net for a time. I sat on my heels in a leaning posture against the wall, and nervously wondered what I should do if a stray keeper happened to pass my way, until I was cramped beyond endurance. Then I stretched myself and tried to imagine what a British Museum "copy hunter" would think of my immoral quest. A rushing sound in the turnip field quickly changed the tenor of my thoughts, and made my heart beat wildly with expectation; then all died down into silence again, save for the occasional note of a lonely golden plover which had lingered on the hills to testify to the exceeding mildness of the winter. Presently there was another rush, which grew louder and louder until it suddenly terminated in a rattling bump against the lowest horizontal bar of the gate. There had been a miscalculation somewhere; but the time to turn and flee had passed, and puss wriggled through and struck the net just as her pursuer's teeth rapped sharply upon each other in an all but securing snap. The net hung up again over the nail that had lost us our last hare; but I was too quick for the partly stunned animal, and secured her before she could release herself from the net's entangling meshes. The poacher told me that my hare made the tenth that little field had yielded him during the season, and yet there are folks who still think that the Ground Game Act sounded the death-knell of the species in this country!

During our tramp towards home, and the trial of a favourite meadow, the incident of the hare's collision with the gate-bar turned our conversation upon the peculiarities of the animal's eyesight. I mentioned that an old Essex gamekeeper once told me that when a hare desires to look in front of her she erects her ears, and depresses them when it is necessary for her to watch what is going on behind her. Further, that the man asserted a hare could not see anything straight in front of her when her ears were lying flat on her back, and that he had knelt in a furrow and allowed a dog to run the creature into his arms many a time. My companions both subscribed to this doctrine, the elder asserting that he once knelt down in a path and allowed his dog to run a hare into his arms. She struck him just below the left breast with such force that, although he had his jacket buttoned and a thick topcoat on, he felt the effects of the blow for several days afterwards. He also told me the story of a curious accident which befell the accomplice of a friend of his. The pair went out one night to net hares in a field similar to the one we had just been working, and as the animals jumped over a place where the wall was comparatively low a net was hung on two sticks in such a way as to secure anything passing out there. The man who stayed to attend to it got tired of crouching under the wall, and raising himself was just in the act of peeping over when something struck him a terrific blow squarely between the eyes and knocked him flat on his back, where he lay dazed for some time. When his companion came in search of him he found him leaning against the wall in a fainting condition, with the blood dripping freely from both nostrils and a hare lying dead from a broken neck not far away. Both his chum's eyes swelled up, and he was obliged to lead him home quite blind. The unfortunate poacher was unable to go to work for a week in consequence of the accident.

We set our nets over a watercourse hole and a gateway, and dispatched the dog. While we crouched and waited the moon sailed majestically into a blue sea of cloud-free sky. There was a steady, measured dong, dong, dong, which sounded as if we were in Heaven and not upon the gaunt northern hills. The farmer's wife had enjoined us most strictly not to catch any hares on the Sunday, so directly the dog came back we rolled our nets up, pocketed them, and hastened homewards to a mug of steaming hot coffee and a mince-pie each.

R. KEARTON.

THE ART OF POETRY.*

LIBERTY of utterance, spontaneity, is the mark of the highest poetry. To be spontaneous is the whole art of poetry, and especially distinguishes it from the artifice of poetry. It is therefore the main object of artifice to appear spontaneous. The

* "The Spanish Tragedy." A play written by Thomas Kyd. Edited, with a preface, notes, and glossary, by J. Schick, Professor at Munich University. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

master-artificer of our time, more skilled than Pope, accomplished beyond praise, never attained greater liberty of utterance than in the serenade in *Maud*:—

> She is coming, my own, my sweet;
> Were it ever so airy a tread,
> My heart would hear her and beat
> Were it earth in an earthy bed;
> My dust would hear her and beat
> Had I lain for a century dead;
> Would start and tremble under her feet,
> And blossom in purple and red.

The master-artist of all time was never more at ease than in the overture to *Twelfth Night*:—

> O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
> That, notwithstanding thy capacity
> Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
> Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
> But falls into abatement and low price,
> Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy,
> That it alone is high-fantastical.

There is no prompt effect in the blank verse to equal the quadruple knock of the artificer's rhyme; Shakespeare's careless fault, the rhyme "there"—"soe'er," is worse than Tennyson's repeated subjunctive "were it"; but nothing in the blank verse requires such a resolute countenance or puts so much constraint on the imagination as Tennyson's conclusion, "purple and red." It appears, then, that the carelessness of the artist is unconsciously simulated by the artificer, the exigent form the instinct of the latter selects entailing difficulties that make faults. Poetry is the most empirical of all the arts; in a sense every poet is a charlatan; he can give no authority except his own experience, his own imagination; in the last resort he can give no authority at all; he cannot tell: it was the Muse. Whether he be artificer or artist, and the true poet is always both, it is liberty of utterance he seeks. Poetry is the least artificial of all the arts; it is at its best when it is most archaic. This is not a matter of obsolete words; rather it is an eschewing of libraries, a getting back to the earth divested, saving the harp and sword, of all the inventions of man's hands and mind. Thus the freest utterance is always to be found in the narrative or the drama. Subconsciousness, which the poet singing in his own character inevitably obscures—that is to say, the eternal, the voice of the species—becomes audible in personation. The Elizabethan-Jacobean age, the great period of the drama, is also the great period of poetry, when every aid to free and full utterance was employed in the disdain of art. It was in *The Spanish Tragedy* that Kyd revealed the new and excellent way of the madman. Here was liberty at last; everything could be said; and the kernel of the world appear through the rent in the heart, the crack in the mind. Hieronimo announces the woe of the awakened intelligence trembling on the verge of madness in three lines, three crude lines that are not surpassed by any piercing utterance of Hamlet, Timon, or Lear:—

> This toils my body, this consumeth age,
> That only I to all men just must be,
> And neither gods nor men be just to me.

It is a cry wrung from the inmost heart. These words do not occur in the additional matter; they are Kyd's, and they are the cognisance of Elizabethan tragedy.

In his quaint, erudite, and most readable preface, Professor Schick says of the play itself: "It is like an enchanted garden, where lifeless wooden puppets seem to wait for the magician who is to wake them into life. We know that the magician did come, and of old Jeronimo he made Hamlet and Lear, out of Horatio and Bellimperia he made the loveliest of all wooing-scenes in *Romeo and Juliet*, of the play within the play he made the most subtle awakener of conscience" . . . Kyd's fate has been that of most pioneers. The crops of others wave on the land he cleared. But it would be easy to revive and perpetuate his memory. *The Spanish Tragedy* was so seminal in its own time, and, above all, was so influential in determining the character of some of Shakespeare's greatest work, that its regular publication as an appendix in popular editions of Shakespeare would be much more to the purpose than the inclusion of *Edward III.*, for example. Meantime, we have Mr. Dent's admirable "Temple Edition," which I hope will be widely read. Professor Schick's "wooden puppets" is extreme. Hieronimo, although only the outline of a character, is made by Kyd the mouthpiece of his own actual woe, and the "Painter's part," the interpolation whose fame eclipsed that of the play itself, and which might have been hurriedly written by Shakespeare, will arrest and hold the most careless reader.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

ALDINGTON KNOLL.

The Old Smuggler Speaks:

"AL'INGTON Knoll it stands up high
Guidin' the sailors sailin' by;
Stands up high for all to see,
Cater the marsh and crost the sea.

"Al'ington Knoll, when we was cubs,
Use 'ter mark where we'd sunk the tubs:
Get it in line with Romney Church,
They revenue chaps was left in the lurch.

"Al'ington Knoll 's a mound a-top,
With a dyke all round—an' it's bound to stop:
For them as made it in them ol' days
Sees to it well that theer it stays.

"Farmer Finn as farmed the ground,
Tried to level the goodly mound;
But not a chap from Lydd to Lym'
Thought that job was meant for him.

"For that ol' knoll is watched so well
By drownded men kep' outen hell.
They guards it well an' keeps it whole
For a sailor's mark, the goodly knoll.

"Finn he fetched a chap from the sheeres,
One of yer spunky devil-may-keeres;
Give him a shovel and pick and spade;
Promised him double what we was paid.'

"He digged till ten and he muddled on
Till he'd digged up a sword and a skilliton—
A grit old sword as big as me
And grit old bones as you could see.

"He digged and digged the livelong day
Till th' sun went down in Fairlight Bay.
He digged and digged, an' behind his back
The lights shone up and the marsh went black.

"An' the sky all round went black from red,
An' the wood went black—*an' the man was dead.*
But where he'd digged the chark shone white
Out to sea like Calais light.

"Al'ington Knoll it stands up high,
Guidin' the sailors a-sailin' by;
Stands up high for all to see,
Cater the marsh and crost the sea."

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

REVIEWS.

LORD WARKWORTH'S TRAVELS IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

NOTES FROM A DIARY IN ASIATIC TURKEY. By Lord Warkworth, M.P. London: Edward Arnold.

THIS handsome volume, which is illustrated by some excellent photographic views, contains a record of a journey taken in the autumn of 1897 through Northern Asia Minor, Armenia, and the upper valley

of the Tigris. It is the work of an intelligent and observant mind, and is written in a fresh, natural, simple way which conciliates the reader's goodwill. The commonplace incidents of Eastern travel, the delays and faithlessness of muleteers, the stupidity and procrastination of officials, the filth of khans, and the disrepair of roads and bridges, are dwelt on no more fully than is necessary to convey a due impression of the difficulties which the traveller must overcome, while the descriptions of scenery and of ruins are graphic without elaboration. It has been supposed that for the last three years the obstacles thrown by the Turkish Government in the way of European travellers were practically prohibitive. Lord Warkworth and his friends, however, seem to have pushed their way through with not much greater expenditure of time and efforts than most travellers in earlier years. The authorities did usually try to stop them. But by refusing to be stopped, and with the occasional help of the British Embassy at Constantinople, they succeeded in seeing nearly everything which they had desired to see. The impressions recorded do not substantially differ from those which one finds in such books as the admirable "Eastern Asia Minor and Central Armenia" of Mr. Tozer (reviewed in THE SPEAKER a few years ago), or in the works of Professor Ramsay and Mr. Barkley. The country is evidently most attractive to the scholar from the abundance of the remains of antiquity—buildings, sculptures, and inscriptions. It is no less attractive to the lover of nature from the striking scenery of the various mountain groups, particularly those which descend towards the south-eastern coast of the Black Sea and those which overhang the valley of the Tigris north of Mosul. It might support an immense population, as it did in ancient times, for the soil is, over large districts, of great fertility, and the rainfall would be sufficient for cultivation were the reservoirs and irrigation works of antiquity restored. But it is at present thinly populated and miserably poor, having been devastated by wars during the later part of the Middle Ages, and detestably misgoverned during the last three centuries. The part of the journey described which English readers will find most novel is the latter half, from Van down through the mountains to Mosul on the Tigris, and thence across Northern Mesopotamia to Diarbekir, Urfah, and Aleppo. Lord Warkworth's descriptive power increases as he warms to his work, and his account of the scenery in the mountains of Southern Kurdistan, and of the ruins of El Hathr and at Diarbekir, and of the Mosque of Abraham at Urfah, the ancient Edessa, and the scene of the most horrible of all the massacres of 1895. There are some interesting notes upon the Southern Nestorians, who have not yet followed the example of their northern brethren by flinging themselves into the Orthodox Church in order to obtain Russian protection. Lord Warkworth shows a considerable acquaintance with ancient history, as well as with the results of Assyrian archæological research—but he falls into some errors, among which we will note two only. He states that the Armenian Church adopted Monophysite doctrines, which it never formally did, and he appears to suppose that the Armenian population of Transcaucasia consists entirely of comparatively recent immigrants from Turkey, whereas the vast majority of the Armenians of that country, numbering some 800,000 or 900,000, are the descendants of those who have been established there for generations, many of them from long before the Russian occupation. They are in fact practically about as much at home in it as the aboriginal native races.

Though our author's journey seems to have been undertaken largely for the sake of political inquiry, his pages cannot be said to cast much new light upon what is called the Eastern Question. His views of it, and in particular of the deeds of the Turk and the behaviour of England, are curiously compounded of different sentiments. He shows the honest horror of massacre, and hardly conceals the honest disgust and contempt for the weakness shown by this country at the time of the great massacres, 1895 and 1896, which a humane and high-spirited young Englishman would naturally feel. But at the same time he cannot shake off the old Palmerstonian and Beaconsfieldian suspicion of Russia and desire to thwart her. He perceives that it has become impossible to advocate any longer the Crimean War policy of backing up the Turks against Russia. Yet he seems to hanker after it, and has at any rate no other policy to propose. He recounts in two or three instances the participation of the Turkish officials, military and civil, in the massacres, yet he seems to hang back from expressing the conviction, which he can hardly have failed to form, and which unquestionably everybody at Constantinople has formed, that the guilt of the Sultan is just as clear and certain as the guilt of his local representatives. He drops into the usual talk about "revolutionaries" among the Christians and "fanaticism" among the Turks, and does not seem to have realised that the revolutionaries, mischievous and foolish as their conduct was, were a mere handful, and that fanaticism had far less to do with the massacres than the deliberate purpose of the Sultan to destroy a large part of his Christian subjects while reducing the rest to poverty, together with the appetite for plunder of the worst part of the Mussulman population. Yet withal he is evidently sincerely concerned for the people, and sincerely disquieted at the part which his own country has played. Here is a passage bearing on the point:—

> They (Nestorians) plied us with anxious inquiries about the political situation. "Would England lift no finger to save them from the fate which had already overtaken the Armenians and their southern neighbours the Yezidis, and which they feared was in store for themselves? Were we ignorant of the real facts of the situation, or was it indeed the truth that having reaped our own advantage from the Cyprus Convention we were indifferent to the obligations which the settlement of 1878 imposed upon us?" The same eternal question addressed to the Englishman wherever he goes, by the Armenians, the Syrians, the Arabs, and even by the Turks themselves—the question to which there is but one reply, and that is received with incredulity. England's prestige is too firmly established in these parts to allow her to shelter herself under the plea of impotence. If she does not interpose it is not, they say, because she cannot send her fleet to Lake Van. It must be because her policy has changed, because her own interests lie elsewhere, or because she is afraid. Yet she has never formally repudiated her engagements; she keeps her consuls in the country, a minister of her church has for ten years gone in and out among these hill folk, living their life, sharing their interests, taking part in their worship. It is she, not Russia, still less the Concert of Europe, who has displayed the slightest concern for their future, or has striven to establish any connection with them. No wonder that to them it seems a baffling and insoluble riddle. How can they understand the intricacies of modern diplomacy, or realise that having "put our money on the wrong horse" we may, from the best of motives, resolve neither to run our own or invite a second failure by trying to "spot" the winner again? (p. 167-9).

How, rather, an impartial observer will remark, can they understand how a great and so-called Christian Power, having brought these awful disasters upon the Eastern Christians by depriving them of the protection which Russia undertook in 1878, and by ostentatiously, yet ineffectually, interfering on their behalf so as to excite the suspicions of their oppressors and stimulate their own hopes, should in the moment of danger abandon them to their enemies, taking refuge in the pretext that the Power it had frequently defied where the smallest of its own interests was concerned, would be displeased if it were now to try to redeem the pledges given to its unhappy *protégés*? If our author could dismiss from his mind the necessity of trying to put the best face upon the conduct of Lord Beaconsfield's Government in 1878 and of Lord Salisbury's Government in 1895–6, he would see these events in their true light and in the light in which history will see them twenty years hence. The recent

behaviour of Lord Salisbury will probably be then admitted as frankly to be indefensible as Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour have now admitted the action of Lord Beaconsfield in 1878 to be. Apart from its deficiencies on the political side, Lord Warkworth has produced an interesting book, and one which leaves an agreeable impression of the writer's personality.

SOUTH LONDON.

SOUTH LONDON. By Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus.

SIR WALTER BESANT is a little hard on South London. It has no local patriotism or enthusiasm, he says; it has no colleges or newspapers or theatres, "except of a very popular or humble kind," and so forth. This is almost a libel on excellent local theatres like that of Brixton, the "Elephant," and a dozen others, and surely Sir Walter can never have read the local Press, or in the reports of vestry meetings and so forth he must have noted an almost acrid type of local patriotism. In fact, the reproach of the London suburb is that from certain points of view it is too self-centred and too provincial. Also there are numerous public buildings: public libraries abound, and, as at Brixton and Streatham, are nobly housed; and again—but why multiply instances? We all know what Sir Walter has striven to do for the East End: witness "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" and the People's Palace itself; but, after all, the East End is not South London. Having said this, we have said almost all that can be said against the book.

Sir Walter is not a professed antiquarian, and Dryasdust might pick holes here and there in his achievement; but he knows his subject, and his pictures of the past are set forth with rare charm. He reconstructs South London for us at various periods of its existence; he shows us how the ground looked before a house stood there, and again how it seemed in mediæval times, when it was occupied by palaces and monasteries, and daily hosts of pilgrims set forth on their way to Canterbury from the "Tabard." Nor does he forget that immortal company wherein Chaucer rode. Even to-day how bright and glittering their apparel; how fresh and loud their laughter; how moving or piercing their speech; how well we know each and all of them! You may be sure that nothing is lost in Sir Walter's setting. And then in more modern times we have the theatres on the Bankside for which Shakespeare worked as playwright and actor, and the Paris Garden, where bears and bulls were baited and the rough sports of old English life went on. South London was an English Bohemia; here the actors and the singers and the players lived a very free and easy, a very dissolute, life, one fears.

Sir Walter goes over the map in detail to show how little change there was from an early time down to the first part of our own century—one might say, to the beginning of the present reign—in the size of the various inhabited places. There was the borough of Southwark and Lambeth in one direction, Deptford in the other, and inland from the river Brixton and Streatham and Dulwich. All these were separated by miles of country fields and lanes, and the places inland were really rural villages; nay, Dulwich until quite lately had a touch of rusticity about it, the city having swallowed it up, yet not having quite completed the process of digestion. And what a beautiful place South London was! You were soon quit of the houses that fringed the river's bank, and the hilly country that followed was full of green nooks and picturesque old trees, with here and there a stately mansion, and behind all the changing beauty of the Surrey hills, which we still possess not yet quite tarnished. The infrequent villages were agreeable resting-places. It was quite an excursion to go to Dulwich, where you put up at the famous "Greyhound"—and the port and jamaica and ale had a flavour all their own; or you brought the zest from your journey and your picturesque surroundings; and only the other day the old "Greyhound" vanished, and the conventional suburban gin palace now stands in the old place with the old name. Miles and endless miles of suburban villas now cover the sites of famous buildings and country fields, and the memory of one and the other is clean gone; for, Sir Walter acutely says, nothing so destroys historical association as the villa: it is far worse than a slum for this. Under the grime of the latter you suspect that some part of the old may yet linger; but how to believe that in the spick-and-span newness of the villa street? But, yet again, nothing to-day is more dismal than High Street, Borough; some thirty years ago nearly all the old picturesque inns with their courtyards and galleries were there, even the "Tabard" itself—if not strictly the original "Tabard," still built on the same spot and with some of the same material. And some were there even ten years ago; and now all are gone.

Another class of building flourished in South London—the Debtors' Prison. Here, in or near High Street, Borough, were the King's Bench, the Marshalsea, and the Borough Compter—fearful places these, and we may be glad indeed that not a stone of them remains. It is well for us to think of such things when we grow sentimental over the past. That we have practically got rid of imprisonment for debt and the debtors' prison is a great score for our own time.

THE VERNACULAR MUSE.

SCOTTISH VERNACULAR LITERATURE: A SUCCINCT HISTORY. By T. F. Henderson. London: David Nutt.

MR. HENDERSON is favourably known to students of Scots literature and history by his "Casket Letters," and his notes to the "Centenary Burns." This book will increase his reputation. For the first time we have a complete history of Scots vernacular literature, from the rude scraps that expressed the popular feeling before the long contest with England down to the efforts of Burns's imitators. He says little or nothing about the Scots novelists Moir, Galt, Scott himself; no doubt he considers the Kailyard school beneath scientific recognition! Fiction is illustrative of Scots manners, beliefs, ambitions, rather than of vernacular literature—thus he is occupied almost entirely with the Scots poets. His only predecessor is Irving, whose "History of Scottish Poetry" appeared in 1861, but Irving stops before Allan Ramsay; also the last forty years have seen editions of many old writers due to the erudition of British and German scholars. Mr. Henderson has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the results of recent research, he has full command of his material, his criticism is sane and judicious. And he is free from the besetting sin of pilgrims in the byways of letters—he does not extol beyond reason the works whereof he treats. He urges that Scots literature is an offshoot and branch of English literature, and so worth the attention of all students of the latter, which even yet might be enriched and strengthened by intelligent study of these old *makaris;* also the metres in which they wrote were curious and varied, and these are described at length.

The question of the old ballads is thoroughly sifted. An uncritical public bolts them whole, under the quaint delusion that they are old as the hills. Mr. Henderson finds so much doubt on the subject that he will scarce allow them a date much older than their first print; and he proves beyond the possibility of doubt that Scott has very much improved some of them. Thus the most pathetic touches are frequently modern. Why should this surprise us? A great, though unknown, poet had thrown a ballad on the world some five hundred years ago, and this has been handed down, suffering in the process every conceivable change. Of necessity its language must again

and again have been modernised; and then people begin to care for those things, the ballad passes into print. Usually the collector is a dull antiquarian, and the result curious rather than choice; but once or twice there comes a Scott or a Burns—men of genius, men whose minds are "panged" with the lore of Old Scotland—and they restore the ballad or re-inspire and beautify the lyric. Scott did this anonymously, Burns with the fullest acknowledgment. Mr. Henderson points out that neither Lord Hales nor Sir Walter give any exact account of their sources. Was not this partly due to the less critical habit of the time? Mr. Henderson discusses in detail the famous ballad of Sir Patrick Spens which Motherwell thought referred to the voyage of Margaret, daughter of Alexander, King of Scots, to Norway in 1281. Mr. Henderson discounts this theory, but suggests that it dates from the late sixteenth century, and refers to the voyage of James VI. to Denmark in 1589 for his bride; his theory is ingenious, but we have always fancied that Chambers was right when he put it down to Lady Wardlaw. It is full of adroit literary touches, and Lady Wardlaw was very clever at that work. Of course, she may have had some popular ballad to work upon, but the history of those ballads before we find them in print seems hopelessly obscure.

Mr. Henderson's remarks on Ramsay, Ferguson, and Burns are, to use a Yankee phrase, "level-headed." The latter has been the subject of so much indiscriminate and foolish laudation that the educated critic tries him by a severe standard. Even those who have read with interest Mr. Henley's noble essay will still find something to learn from Mr. Henderson. It is a commonplace of criticism that Burns's English verse is poor; what it might have been under other conditions it is impossible to speculate. There is a certain absurdity in saying that he wants the delicate touch of Herrick or Shelley. "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon." To pass from Burns to Herrick is to pass from the "bluid-red wine" to orange-flower water, both in their own way excellent, but how to compare them? Mr. Henderson finds exuberant vitality and humour the two chief characteristics of Burns, and he illustrates this by an admirable criticism of "The Jolly Beggars." He cuts down Burns's poetic career to "little more than a short two years," considering it terminated with the publication of the first Edinburgh edition in 1787, "the only great poem of the last nine years of his life being 'Tam o' Shanter.'" True, but not the whole truth! Burns's last songs, notably those he wrote to Jessie Lawers, excel in pathetic tenderness any of his earlier efforts.

In a few pages Mr. Henderson discusses the followers of Burns, and so brings his story down to the middle of the present century, but, as he truly says, Robin was the end of it all. There is much else of interest. "A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk on the Green," sings Pope, and Mr. Henderson strenuously urges the theory of its royal authorship. We think he proves, even against Professor Skeat, that James I. was in all probability the writer. Again, there is a full account of Dunbar and his works; for him Mr. Henderson claims the very highest place. Yet, after all, these writers can only be known by selections. Mr. Henderson would do a real service to literature were he to compile an anthology of Scots vernacular poetry.

PIERRE LOTI'S IMPRESSIONS.

IMPRESSIONS. By Pierre Loti. With an Introduction by Henry James. London: Constable & Co.

THIS is a very beautiful book—beautiful writing beautified by the best art of the makers of books. When "Figures et Choses qui passaient," of which this is an English version, made its appearance in French, we welcomed it as one of the most finished and attractive pieces of work from the pen of the author of "Pêcheur d'Islande." Arrayed in this magnificent dress of white and gold, sea-green and royal red, we have read it again with increasing admiration. It was a distinguished book in commonplace yellow-paper covers, badly printed on thin paper; it is worthy of the distinction of its present appearance.

Of the "Impressions" themselves we need say but little; indeed, there is little to be said. They are random reminiscences, travel memories, rough word-sketches, jottings from the note-book of a most conscientious diarist. In them is no spice of adventure, nothing extraordinary, indeed nothing uncommon—save always the writing. They cannot be summed up, and quotation is hardly fair. They are to be read and absorbed. The anonymous translator has done his work excellently, with rare taste and accuracy. He has preserved, in an altogether remarkable manner, the grace of the original. So many indifferent translations of foreign works have lately been offered to the English public that it is gratifying to come across a book which is a faithful rendering of words and meaning and style. We have only one fault to find with the translator. He should have omitted the chapter "Profanation," which is accurately described in its title. It is a blot, repulsively ugly, on a beautiful book.

Mr. Henry James's introduction is an interesting but rather unsatisfying piece of work. At the outset he disarms criticism by the frank admission that he is a prejudiced admirer of everything Pierre Loti writes. Critically, he has surrendered to an "affection." He confesses that he has fallen under the spell of an exquisite charm, and the secret of this charm he refuses to analyse. He is quite conscious of Loti's great weakness, his superficiality. He finds much of the pity and pathos of his writing "calculated, transparent"; he finds that Pierre Loti at times "unscrews the stopper of tears with a positively audible creak." Where, then, is the charm? "I am glad to suppose," says Mr. James, "the answer to such a question to be beyond my analysis." Such a confession is, no doubt, interesting as showing to what extent the critical faculty can be submerged in an "affection," but it is eminently unsatisfactory from the point of view of the student of literature—and of the admirers of a remarkable critical genius. An appreciation by Mr. James is always good reading; a critical estimate is more than good reading.

MEMOIRS OF A LADY OF QUALITY.

FOREIGN COURTS AND FOREIGN HOMES. By A. M. F. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

'TWERE not difficult to trace the identity of the lady who writes as "A. M. F.," but as she prefers the protection of initials it would be improper. A person of good position, she had opportunities of seeing courts and men of eminence in various departments of life; she writes fluently and pleasantly, and her work has a certain mild interest, yet she never saw great people at great moments, so her book is fairly described as agreeable tittle-tattle. Her father, though an Englishman, held high position at the Court of Hanover, but he had a quarrel with King George, the last king, whereupon he came back to his own country. She attended the funeral of King George at Windsor, and so closes her German reminiscences. Afterwards her father got a consulship in France; she became intimate with many of *la noblesse du province*, both royalist and Bonapartist, and heard many strange stories of the old *régime*. One is of an old Count who went to the Moscow expedition with Napoleon. He was lodged in an abandoned house in Moscow, which was beautifully furnished. Here he discovered a concealed apartment fitted out as a chapel, "a beautiful crucifix on the altar, Russian ikons set with brilliant jewels about the

room, and opposite the altar was a small coffin open, and in it a beautiful child of about three years lying like a marble statue." A Russian wolf-hound was the guardian of this sanctuary of the dead. The Count preserved this chapel till the French left Moscow. As he was passing through the gate on the retreat a Russian peasant thrust a packet on him; this contained a locket from the chapel, and a note in French, "Fill your pocket with chocolate bonbons." He did so, and this, we are assured, preserved his life during the retreat. Years after he visited England in the train of Marshal Soult, and there met a Russian lady, mother of the dead child. Also this child was wont to appear to him on the solemn occasions of his life! It would be cruel to break the butterfly of this legend upon the wheel of criticism, but perhaps the name of that old soldier was Marbot, or one of his kin. At any rate, the narrator is not critical.

There is a good deal about Alexis de Tocqueville, with whose family the authoress was very intimate. She tells of a curious meeting at his château near Cherbourg between the host, Monseigneur Dupanloup, the famous Bishop of Orleans, Montalembert, Lord Lamington, and Lord Houghton. The party went out by moonlight to see the rock on which the white ship conveying Henry I.'s children was shipwrecked, Montalembert poured forth an eloquent discourse on all those rocks had witnessed. Lamington quoted the verses of old Scotch poems, and told weird Scotch legends. "Suddenly a long shriek was heard which turned my blood cold." Their attendant assured them this was the princess or her ghost calling for help as she sank in the waves.

There are some slight reminiscences of Napoleon III. The Emperor visited Lord Malmesbury at an hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. He was out, but the writer of these memoirs was in the room. She had no idea who the distinguished visitor was, and a rather amusing conversation ensued. This is followed by an account of several visits to the Tuileries, and much kindness received from the imperial pair.

A number of legends from the Normandy country are given, but the writer has scarcely the art of presenting them properly. On one occasion she had an introduction to Victor Hugo. "He was a most delightful companion, and every evening we went to his house I never heard anyone speak such beautiful French." This is all very well, but it is followed by "Theology we discussed by the hour. I never could make out whether he followed the tenets of the Roman Church or whether he belonged to the modern French atheistical school!" A naïvely amusing remark on Hugo's theological position.

It was off Cherbourg that there occurred on June 19th, 1864, the fight between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsage*, in which the Confederate cruiser was speedily sent to the bottom. The writer saw the combat, and here there is a minute account of it. But we have sufficiently sampled our Lady of Quality.

HERBART AGAIN.

LETTERS AND LECTURES ON EDUCATION. By Johann F. Herbart. Translated and Edited by Henry M. & Emmie Felkin. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MESSRS. SONNENSCHEIN have added to the debt of gratitude which is already due to them from English students of the Herbartian principles of teaching by issuing this excellent translation of Herbart's "Lectures on Education." The volume also contains a translation of the great thinker's letters to Herr von Steiger-Reggisberg about the education of the young Steigers, Herbart's pupils in the days before he became a University lecturer. Mr. Oscar Browning has contributed a preface to Mr. and Mrs. Felkin's excellent performance, in which he justly praises their accuracy and industry. The translators have provided the book with a preface and an introduction, in both of which useful bibliographical and other details abound. It is pleasant to remember that it is partly owing to Mr. and Mrs. Felkin's former labours that there is to-day a genuine demand in England for books relating to Herbart's work in the domain of pedagogy. And the "Lectures on Education" undoubtedly form an important companion volume to the "Science of Education." In the "Science of Education" will be found all that is necessary for most teachers to know of Herbart's contributions to the study of the theory and the principles of education; in the "Lectures on Education" we have Herbart's views upon the practical application of educational ideas and principles. As these lectures were written about 1835, that is, only six years before Herbart died, they naturally contain "the gathered-up results of Herbart's long and wide experience." For it must not be forgotten that in Herbart were combined the "exact" psychological thinker, the sympathetic professor of philosophy, and the practical educationalist; he wrote the "Lectures" after years of experience in conducting a seminary of pedagogy. Happy indeed is the teacher who has ears to hear the clear and kindly voice of Herbart.

FOR YOUNG MEN.

GOD'S GENTLEMEN. By the Rev. R. E. Welsh. London: James Bowden.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. Illustrated by G. W., F., and L. Rhead. London: C. Arthur Pearson.

THE title of Mr. Welsh's volume of essays may reasonably be objected to by those who share an old-fashioned prejudice against the free use of the "noun of divinity," but it will be difficult for anyone to make a fair complaint against the contents of the book. For the author is evidently one of those clerics to whom nothing that is human appeals in vain for sympathy. He has written, in the present instance, a series of chapters upon the realities of life, and upon the factors of action and of character, which form a most valuable addition to the small number of books "for young men" that can be recommended as free from cant and narrowness of outlook. For Mr. Welsh has read widely and well, and in what we can only describe as a style singularly tender and judicious, he has put the results of his reading, as well as of his observation of life, into the pages of "God's Gentlemen." The middle-aged man who can lay down this book without a sigh of regret that he received no such volume among his coming-of-age presents, must be compact of rare virtue—or obtuseness.

Messrs. Pearson have laid the guardians of British homes under a heavy obligation of gratitude to their spirit of enterprise by issuing an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" which is embellished with over one hundred and twenty designs by the three brothers Rhead. It is now thoroughly understood that good art is not too good to be offered to striplings, and it is to be hoped that many a parent will take pleasure in pointing out to young people the excellences of the black-and-white work with which the Messrs. Rhead have illustrated Bunyan's immortal allegory. Among Mr. George Woolliscroft Rhead's designs particular notice should be taken of "The Arming of Christian"; Mr. Louis Rhead is perhaps at his best in two admirable seventeenth-century scenes, "The Gate" and the interior "of the Palace Beautiful"; Mr. Frederick Rhead's rather dreadful power of putting character into a face is well shown by "The Jury." Every page of the letterpress has a border-design inclosing the text; at least three of these borders are simply charming. The volume is prefaced by some "forewords," from the pen of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, which will interest adult buyers of a remarkable production.

A MIXED "BAG."

THE SNAFFLE PAPERS. By "Snaffle." Illustrated. London: W. Thacker & Co.

"SNAFFLE" is a penman who has little mercy upon those who write about sporting matters which they do not thoroughly understand, and his own contributions to periodicals are consistently lucid and accurate. Readers of such newspapers as *The Shooting Times* will therefore welcome a volume which largely consists of matter already seen and liked by the sporting public. The twenty-seven short chapters of "The Snaffle Papers" furnish varied entertainment, and some of them contain information of a practical character. Thus, under the heading of "Trade Bullets," our author gives an interesting account of the reasons which led him to devise the "Snaffle" cartridge, and of its effectiveness in big-game shooting. "Snaffle" is a man of many ideas. He wants "sportsmen throughout England to consider the advisability of a Wild Animals Act—a permissive Act giving County Councils the power to legislate for a close time for any animal that is good for food": in England he has "shot over dachshunds all our native game except grouse": he thinks that "No stalking before October 1st," as a reservation in the letting of Scottish deer-forests, would profit owners more than the common proviso "No stalking after October 15th." And "Snaffle" is a sportsman who has wandered far and wide. His book treats of experiences "on the road" in the Herzegovina, and in Ceylon; of "pig"-shooting expeditions in Albania; and of an eventful day's sport upon the edge of the Great Indian Desert. But the volume is too scrappy to prove of more than passing interest: "Snaffle" should "aim at the head" of those sportsmen whose approval of writing about sport is worth gaining, as "Rapier" has done.